

# HOWARD CARTER

— *Man of the Spirit*

by  
**John  
Carter**





# **Howard Carter - Man of the Spirit by John Carter**

also author of

"Questions and Answers on Vital Subjects" and

"God's Tabernacle in the Wilderness"

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# **Preface and Acknowledgments**

This is an extraordinary book because it is written about an extraordinary individual. Howard Carter believed firmly in the divinely supernatural, with the result that supernatural things happened in his life and ministry. This biography differs from any other life-story, as far as we are aware, because the person concerned was the recipient of many personal prophecies that were of a predictive nature, the fulfilment of which revealed him to be a divinely-appointed prophet according to the New Testament. He made it known that if any of the prophecies he uttered failed to come to pass, he would never utter another prediction.

In the Acts of the Apostles, Agabus is named as a prophet of the Lord when, by the Spirit, he foretells the dearth mentioned in chapter 11:28, and also predicts the arrest of Paul by the Jews in Jerusalem described so graphically in chapter 21:11.

As a Pentecostal Movement we emphasize our belief “that the Gifts of the Holy Spirit and the Offices have been set by God in the Church, as recorded in the New Testament”.

Donald Gee, universally-acknowledged Bible-teacher among us, was so impressed with the remarkable fulfilment of a revelation given to my brother at the 1934 General Conference that he straightway penned an editorial about it in our official organ—quoted at length in this biography. Mr. Gee had this to say, “The great enemy of all truth has been fighting hard to drive the Lord’s people once again into quenching the Spirit where the manifestation of His gifts is concerned. . . . One weapon with which to conquer in this great fight is the Word of God. . . . But another weapon that is equally necessary is the word of testimony to actual experience of the prophetic word given today being proved and reliable. It is for this reason . . . that we are happy to pass on for the encouragement of our readers this further signal instance that the true is still amongst us where the gifts of the Spirit are concerned.”

It was by the prophetic word that Howard was given “heaps upon heaps” of money, that he received the Bible School at Hampstead, that he was told to take the world-tour and visit the missionaries, that he was miraculously provided with a travelling companion, that he was appointed to be chairman of our Fellowship, that he maintained the many activities of the Bible School and Missionary Association.

Howard Carter was a man of vision, yet he was far from being visionary. When convinced of the will of God, he allowed nothing to deter him from carrying it into effect. The motto he received from the Lord one evening when he was in the depths of despair, and which became the axiom of the Bible School, was the guiding principle of his whole life. The words are these, “Lord Jesus Christ, Let me never lose the all-important truth that to be in Thy will is better than success, and grant that I may ever love Thyself more than Thy service.”

The reader will notice that I have endeavoured to employ my brother's own words to describe his spiritual experiences, in fact the book is very much an autobiography. In his public messages Howard frequently introduced words of personal testimony to illustrate his points, and my task has been to search out, from those many addresses which appeared in print, disclosures of the Lord's dealings with him which he was fond of relating, and which were so interesting and inspiring to his listeners. He possessed also a gift of self-expression which makes his language picturesque and graphic. To quote a sentence from a tribute by George Holmes (in the last chapter of this book), “his earlier painting skills were turned to artistry with words”.

The writer's prayer is that the contents of this biography will be a source of revelation, encouragement and inspiration to all who peruse its pages.

# Acknowledgments

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Also to: Redemption Tidings, School Review, Pentecostal Evangel, Wind and Flame (Gee), Gifts of the Spirit (Horton), Adventuring with Christ (Sumrall).

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# Chapter 1, Adolescence and Art

The third day of January 1891 witnessed the birth of a second son to Mr. and Mrs. John Carter of Birmingham, England, one whose life would influence a great number of people in his own country and in many other lands.

This brother preceded the writer in life by two and a half years and received the Christian names of Alfred Howard. He preferred to be known simply as Howard Carter.

When the two of us, together with an elder brother, made our appearance upon the scene, our parents were residing in Aston, Birmingham, facing the local park. A tragic event happened which so affected mother's health that the doctor advised father to take her from that locality; he removed to Handsworth and finally settled in the Sparkbrook suburb of the city.

Throughout life father was afflicted with an impediment in his speech, which unfortunately Howard inherited. It wasn't a stutter but he had difficulty in articulation. The upshot was that my brother during his adolescence found himself mocked by fellow schoolboys, causing him distress. I, as his brother, understood his talk perfectly but strangers would have to look to me for interpretation.

Writing about this later in life, he describes his boyish feelings of embarrassment in these words: "This inability to articulate made me a laughing-stock. For instance, if I went into a shop to purchase something, after the shopkeeper had asked me two or three times what I wanted, he would turn to another customer and ask, 'What is he saying?'

This speech defect aroused in him a strong resolve to conquer the impediment, especially when the time came that he received a Divine call to enter the ministry. For years he wrestled with this drawback, practising with determined persistence certain exercises he set himself.

Those who heard him minister the precious Word of God may be astonished to read about these early struggles, not having observed



any defect in his pronunciation. This clarity of speech was only achieved by undaunted resoluteness to conquer the hindrance. He experienced the greatest difficulty in getting his tongue to enunciate the consonant 'r'—his attempt at the word 'screw' produced the sound 'scwew'.

The astonishing thing is that when he received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues, God gave him a language with the 'r' in it, and he describes the experience in these words:

"I could say it (the 'r') as easily as a Scotsman! I would find myself pronouncing the consonant freely and I would stop to listen, but then I couldn't pronounce it when I spoke in English. I would resume speaking with tongues, using the 'r' and then I would stop, but I couldn't pronounce this letter naturally.

"Then I did something—and here I am confiding to you—I decided to try and make it pass over from the spiritual to the natural. As I was speaking with other tongues, embodying the 'r', immediately after using it in other tongues I would stop and attempt to say a word in English with the 'r' in it. Did it pass over? It didn't, and may God forgive me for trying. It would not pass over. So if anybody knows the supernatural aspect of speaking with other tongues, it is I.

"You may ask, How did you overcome the impediment? After being prayed for by everybody of note and still not healed, I decided by the help of God to roll away the stone myself. In order to accomplish this feat I read the Bible through aloud from Genesis to Revelation, slowly articulating to the best of my ability, and preceding the morning reading with severe exercises that I had written myself in order to combat the difficulty." Ultimately his persistence triumphed over the difficulty.

On the subject of heredity, there was something else Howard inherited. This was an inventive faculty, for father was an inventor, employed by a world-famous firm of makers of guns and revolvers. Another life-long interest was campanology—the art of bellringing. He was a prolific composer, producing and conducting hundreds of peals on churchbells and handbells.

An invention, upon which father spent forty years of his life, was an electrical change-ringing machine known as the 'Campanamutaphone' (the only one of its kind in the world) now in the Science Museum in South Kensington, London. Howard, however, refused to exploit any ideas which his inventive faculty frequently suggested to him.

Childhood proved quite uneventful for both of us. Our godly mother took her boys to the Church of England situated at the foot of our road in Sparkbrook. In the services Howard looked like an angel in his white surplice as he sang in the church choir. It is to be regretted that neither of us benefitted spiritually from these religious exercises. Father never accompanied us to church as he was busy conducting peals in belfrys all over the country.

During schooldays my brother was not an outstanding success academically. According to mother, his school reports always contained the same observation: "This boy has the ability and can work when he wishes." It wasn't until he discovered his true vocation in life that Howard set himself to make amends for the loss he had sustained.

The fact of the matter was that scholasticism in the wider sense made little appeal to him owing to the fact that his mind was set upon one subject, and that was drawing. The margins of his school-books were adorned with drawings, often caricatures of the people who were teaching him. The first plaything Howard liked as a child was a pencil with which to draw.

When the time arrived for my brother to leave school, our parents were concerned as to what profession he appeared suited. When asked by them what he wanted to do in life, his reply was: "To be an artist. Please let me go to the art-school." They felt there was not much of a future in the art-world, but as he did not appear to be gifted for any other kind of work, they allowed him to have his way. It was here that he found his niche. An inherent passion, springing up within him, was soon to dominate his life and vision.

An incident occurred that revealed his ideas of art were not the conventional ones as taught in the school. The teacher one day sat beside him, studied his work, and said: "Carter, you are simply wasting your own time and mine. You will never be any good if you stop here for years." Such a criticism would have daunted most pupils, but it had the opposite effect upon this student. It acted as the spur needed, producing in him a sense of challenge,—he would show the teacher what he could do if he tried. By the end of the year he had taken more than one 'first' in the examinations.

We print an extract from a sermon he preached in 1938 at the General Council of Assemblies of God in America and reported in their official organ:

"In case there are some who have backslidden, I want to encourage you to return to the Lord. I remember seeing a humorous bulletin on a church: 'Falling into the water doesn't drown a man, but staying in does.' These were very wise words. If you have fallen, don't stay down but get up and go on.

"Years ago, while in my teens, I was a pupil in an art school. Before the class sat a boy as a living model. When a clay model was cast, it was placed in plaster of Paris to make it permanent. The teacher of the art school said no one must take the models away from the school until they had been examined by the judges.

"I didn't pay attention to the commandment of the teacher. I surreptitiously wrapped up my model, slipped out, took it home and showed it to father and mother. She was full of praise and thought she had a clever boy. My father adjusted his glasses on his nose, looked, and looked, and said nothing at all. My mother told him, 'Say something to your boy to encourage him' and he said, 'Uh huh.' So, having shown the model, I wrapped it up again and took it back to the art school.

"In those days I used to ride a bicycle. I mounted with the model under my arm. I steered with the other hand and away I went. I had a hill to go down. Street-car lines ran down the hill. There had been a gentle rain. I had to stop at several crossings, and the model in my

arm made it difficult for me to cross over those tracks. In a moment, quicker than you can imagine, the thing was done. I had fallen on top of my model and broken it into a hundred pieces. I got up greatly troubled, but not about my knee that was hurt nor ankle that was bruised. What about the model? I was found out.

“I picked up the parts and got on my bicycle. It did not matter now if I fell again, matters couldn’t be much worse. I went and presented the remains to the teacher. You should have heard what he said. He roared like a wild bull of Bashan, and I was discreet enough to keep quiet. I said very, very little; was very, very obliging; whatever he wanted I got. Together we mended the model, but it still showed signs of the fall. There were cracks we tried to hide but they wouldn’t be hidden. He said at last he could do no more, and we put it in the exhibition with all the marks of the fall upon it.

“I waited outside while the examiners went in, talking one to another about the students of the art school. The examiners came out. We rushed in and all looked for our work. I ran to my poor patched-up model and found on it ‘first prize’. This thing that had suffered in the fall was better than those which had not suffered.

“If you have backslidden, get up and go on. Beat some of those who have never backslidden. Beat them in spite of all your backsliding, even though it may have left a permanent loss-mark upon you. You can still make a full confession. And you can look to the Lord to enable you to serve Him again. He will not fail to reward you with your prize.”

My brother’s aim was to qualify as an art-teacher. He had now gained the highest awards for portraiture and life-drawing in the Royal Society of Artists. The love of art acted like a fever in his brain. He lived for it, worked for it, sacrificed for it. In my cousin’s home at Surbiton, Surrey, are two large oil-paintings by him hanging upon her walls, and people find it hard to believe that the artist was only a boy of fourteen when he did them.

When the portraits by the students were exhibited, Howard took mother to see them. He had painted in oils the head of an old lady

who had sat as a model, and there, in front of her portrait, stood the same old lady with her granddaughter, the tears streaming down her face. She was exclaiming, "It's me, it's me." The embarrassed grandchild at her side was saying, "Come along, Gran, the people are looking at us", but the dear old soul could not be dragged away from the canvas.

To illustrate his intense passion for art, there was a time when at seventeen years of age Howard had rheumatic fever very badly. He was of course confined to bed, and not allowed to move. Imagine mother's amazement and shock when, hearing movements in the bedroom overhead, she rushed upstairs and found he had struggled out of bed, and made his way to his little studio in the house, with the intention of continuing work upon an oil painting he had started. There he was, on the floor, paintbrush in hand unable to move. With considerable difficulty she got him back to bed. Truly artists are born and not made!

My brother was not yet twenty when the great crisis came that was to change everything and would challenge that consuming love for art. A Person arrived upon the scene who began to compete for the first place in his affections. The Lord Jesus Christ Himself entered the artist's life and a terrific conflict ensued.

He had lived for art. It was his meat and drink, his breath, his soul, his life-blood. I know! I was his brother! We were close to each other. He tried for a time to serve two masters but all in vain. He knew he couldn't share his love: it was Christ or art: and after an awesome struggle, Christ won the victory. At last his proud ambition was dethroned and the Redeemer enthroned.

One day, a never to-be-forgotten day, Howard walked out of the art school leaving everything behind—paints, brushes, palette, canvasses, modelling tools—everything, and never went back. Christ had triumphed gloriously. In his case the well-known phrase "the expulsive power of a new affection" superbly illustrates the great struggle and its outcome.



Some have found it possible to sublimate an intense passion so that the love of the Master has inspired their genius, but it was not so with my brother. He never allowed himself to touch the sacrificed gift laid upon the altar. Henceforth his entire love was devoted to Christ as Lord and Master.

It might be well to describe in greater detail the events that led up to his, and my own, conversion to Christ. We had arrived at a time in life when religion failed to hold any interest for us and we had ceased attending a place of worship. Howard was absorbed in his love for art; I was completing my last year at Grammar School, spending Sunday and all spare time indulging my passion for reading. I was just entering my seventeenth year and he was nineteen and a half.

About this time a strange feeling of disappointment began to make itself felt in my brother's mind, arising out of the transience of everything earthly. He had been meditating one night upon the impermanence of all creations of art—that some of the finest works of men have faded in the process of years. Even priceless works produced in marble yield to the ravages of time and begin to crumble. As he meditated upon this truth, he asked himself, "Where can immutability be found? He was beginning to realise that, in the words of the hymn writer, "change and decay in all around I see."

These meditations brought him to the discovery that unchangeableness is nowhere evident on earth and led to the conclusion that there is no permanence outside of God. It launched him on to a quest to find the Immutable One.

He confided in one of his fellow-students, who said to him, "I think I understand. Come with me and I will take you to the Catholic Cathedral." In that ornate edifice the seeker found many things—the great altars, the beautiful vestments, the magnificent music, the fragrant incense, the holy water, the innumerable candles and images; but these external things failed to satisfy the inward longing of his heart.

At that time he was unaware that the strange disquietude within him was the work of the gracious Spirit of God, Who was striving with him. He was yet to find what St. Augustine had to discover, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is disquieted until it find rest in Thee." Jenny Lind wrote in an autograph album: "In vain I seek for rest in all created good; it leaves me still unblest and makes me cry for God. And sure at rest I cannot be until my soul finds rest in Thee."

Howard bared his soul to another art student, who seemed somewhat different from the others. This young man invited him to attend a very different type of service.

I remember him coming home one Sunday evening and telling me he had attended an unpretentious church at Sparkhill, not far from where we lived. He had received such a warm welcome upon entering and leaving the service, and the sincere and unaffected type of meeting, had kindled in him a desire to go again, and he asked me to accompany him. I did so the next Sunday evening and received the same friendly reception. The notice-board conveyed the information that it was a Church of Christ "pleading for a return to New Testament Christianity." The informal manner in which the service was conducted appealed to both of us, and it was there we heard the gospel of God's boundless grace. It was not long before both of us accepted Christ as Saviour and Lord, and this was soon followed by water baptism. We joined the church and began attending regularly all its services.

There was no girl in our family, much to the disappointment of mother who very much wanted a daughter. However, the need was wonderfully met when a little cousin came to our home in consequence of illness and death in her family. She became a very real companion to mother and the two were always together. Mother was a 'Bruntnell' before her marriage, and Elsie was the daughter of one of her brothers. Howard and I looked upon Elsie Bruntnell more as a sister than just a cousin.

This is mentioned because Elsie played an important part in the work, becoming private secretary to Howard and later Matron of the Hampstead Bible School.

## Chapter 2, Pentecost and Sunderland

In the church at Sparkhill was a man who had his eye upon the two young converts, and we were surprised to learn from him that we were “Saved to Serve”. We had no idea that anything more was expected of us than to be regular in our attendance and support all the services of the church.

He asked us to accompany him the following Sunday evening to the City. In a room of the Y.M.C.A. a band of workers regularly met and were then drafted in small groups to different lodging-houses. Our party went to the one appointed and there we had our first glimpse of the city’s underworld. Men possessing but one shirt in the world were washing and drying it at the great fire, whereon some were frying their solitary kipper, others passing the time playing cards and such like pursuits. While all this was going on our party was singing hymns, reading the scriptures, testifying and proclaiming the simple gospel.

This was our training ground. Little by little we were encouraged to take part—giving out a hymn, reading scripture, praying, testifying, and even attempting to give a short word. So it continued each Sunday evening, and we were gaining experience for the work God had for us later.

Then this good friend and guide promised to take us to a Friday night meeting in an undenominational church in Bloomsbury, Birmingham, where the Pastor urged his people to seek for a definite experience of the Spirit’s indwelling. We found about twenty folk there, mostly elderly. The Pastor was a little old man whose countenance wore a look of strength and determination. He believed firmly in Divine Healing, and we learned how a brick, accidentally dropped, had fallen upon his head, imperilling his life. God had supernaturally healed him, and his head certainly bore witness to the truth of his accident for the top of his skull was quite flat.

The meetings were open for testimony or a message from the Lord, and there were often confessions of the Lord’s miraculous power to

heal. I quote my brother's own descriptive account of these Friday evening meetings—

“Attending these meetings was a brother who was always looked to when present for a word, as his gift seemed to lie particularly in the direction of ministering the Word. His messages were a delight; the intense earnestness of his appeal, coupled with a certain descriptiveness of delivery, made his Bible stories of Jacob and the Angel, and the deliverance of Israel from Egypt, live in the minds of the hearers.

“When he had preached his limited stock of messages and was looked to for further ministry, he used the same sermons again and again, never failing to bring freshness with the well-chosen words. And then his earnestness counted for much to such a young disciple as I, and I listened with eagerness. If inspiration was ever lost for a moment, perspiration in delivering the Word was not, for the handkerchief which he used to wipe his brow would get soaked before the sermon ended.

How often we trod the desert sands of Egypt to the Promised Land, but never once were we left outside the Canaan of Promise. The Jordan parted every time and we were marched triumphantly into the land of the Giants and the Grapes. Sometimes we were told the story of Goliath's defeat with a youth's pebble, and faith never failed to rise as we viewed and reviewed the possibilities of a stone when slung in confidence that God would direct its course. And very naturally the Canaan of the Israelites typified the filling of the Spirit—the victorious life of the child of God.”

I can recall our very first visit to that Bloomsbury meeting. The brother above referred to was sitting just behind me, and during prayer time I could hear him saying in a loud whisper ‘Hallelujah’ ‘Praise the Lord’ or just ‘Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus.’ This was something quite new to both of us, we had heard nothing like it in the Church at Sparkhill. I turned around to look at him, and there he was, his face aglow and his eyes tightly screwed up, deep earnestness



written all over him. I said within myself, "I want what that man has got."

After the meeting Howard and I walked up the road with our new friend, plying him with questions. Up till then we had heard nothing of the wonderful Pentecostal Movement with its manifestations. From him we learned of another meeting, on the outskirts of the city, where the Baptism of the Spirit was taught with the initial evidence of speaking with tongues. We lost no time in making our way to this Pentecostal meeting at Smethwick.

Although the pastor of the aforesaid Bloomsbury meeting believed in Divine healing and in what was termed the Infilling of the Spirit, he did not believe in the evidence of speaking in tongues, and later openly opposed it.

Let me now describe this further meeting to which we were introduced. The Smethwick meetings were held in a fairly large upper room over a shop, to enter which one climbed some bare wooden stairs. The brother in charge of this Pentecostal assembly was a gaunt man, six feet tall, who had been a boxer in his time but was now as gentle as a lamb. God had marvellously healed his body of tuberculosis and filled him with the Holy Spirit. He lived a strenuous life, earning his daily bread at the local blast furnaces. Although he was not gifted with much ministry of the Word, he possessed a shepherd's heart and held together that company of about forty people by the love of God.

It was here we heard the speaking in tongues for the first time and immediately recognised it as being of God and in accordance with the New Testament. From the very first we embraced this 'new thing' as heaven sent. Each Sunday found us taking the long journey across the city on our bicycles, in all weathers, and what thrilling meetings they were to our hungry souls! "Heaven came down our souls to greet and glory crowned the mercy-seat." Before long the pastor began asking us to minister the Word to these people who were eager for the solid truth of God's inspired scripture.

Some years before our arrival in their midst, this group of people had constituted a Methodist Class Meeting in that town, but owing to the worldliness of the church they had felt constrained to leave and start undenominational meetings in this upper room. News then reached them of the strange phenomenon of Christians speaking in other tongues in a Church of England in Sunderland. They agreed among themselves that this wonder should be investigated, and what they did was to pay the expenses of two of their number to go as 'spies' to one of the Whitsuntide conventions. The two leaders returned with such a good report that the whole group began seeking the Baptism in the Spirit, and many of them had by the time we came on the scene received the experience. From them we learned of the International Conventions at Sunderland, and we joined a party of them that was travelling there at Whitsuntide.

What words can describe the thrill of that glorious Convention in 1912, the first of three we were privileged to attend. Our experience had been limited to the fellowship enjoyed with the small group in the upper room at Smethwick, where there had been much speaking in tongues but little interpretation or prophecy. Now we were meeting and hearing leaders from Germany, Holland, Norway, Switzerland, America, as well as the British Isles, and there was much edifying teaching on the right exercise of the Gifts of the Spirit.

The Vicar of All Saints' Parish Church, Alex A. Boddy, was the able chairman. Among the speakers was T. B. Barrett from Norway, who had been instrumental in bringing the Pentecostal blessing to Britain in 1907. Stanley Frodsham, from Bournemouth, England, was there, at that time publishing his own Pentecostal periodical entitled 'Victory' and who later became the well-known Editor of the American 'Pentecostal Evangel'. Another celebrity was our beloved friend Smith Wigglesworth.

We were two young men hungry for God's best, and what we saw and heard made us hungrier still. Some of the Continental speakers needed to be translated into English, being unable to speak our language; we had never heard sermons by interpretation before. Everything was so blessedly new and exciting. We were thrilled as

we listened to the singing in the Spirit in which practically the whole congregation joined. The memories live with the writer still, after almost sixty years.

At one of these Sunderland conventions a ministering brother from America urged seekers for the Baptism in the Spirit to take the blessing by faith. Mother, who was with us, did so, and two or three weeks later, when at home alone, she suddenly felt the presence of the Lord in a very real way. She exclaimed, "O Lord, Thou art here" and immediately began, sweetly and clearly, to speak in new tongues. She received such an overpowering flood of blessing in her soul that for a day or two afterwards she had difficulty in speaking her own language. She would get on a street car and attempt to ask for a ticket but was unable to speak in her own tongue. The conductor would enquire, "What did you say, ma'am?" She was speaking in other tongues. From that time mother's prayer-life was changed; she would love to pray in her room for hours at a time.

Let me mention a remarkable physical deliverance mother received before this through the help of my brother. She suffered constant pain from kidney trouble, and coupled with that was crippled with arthritis. One day Howard came into the room where she was sitting in front of the lire, rocking herself with pain. He brought his chair beside her and the following conversation ensued. "Mother, are you in much pain?" "Yes, my boy, I'm always in pain, I'm never free from pain." "Mother, have you asked the Lord to heal you?" "Yes, I've asked Him thousands of times." "But have you ever believed the Lord to heal you, mother?" "What do you mean?" "Well, listen to this verse of Scripture—all things whatsoever ye desire—what do you desire, Mother?" "Healing of course." "Well, it says—when ye pray believe—when are you to believe, mother?" "When I pray." "And what are you to believe?" "I am to believe, when I pray, that I receive."

This claiming by faith came as a revelation to mother and she determined to act upon that scripture. That night, before getting into bed, she definitely asked the Lord to heal her and then believed she received what she asked for and thanked the Lord for granting her

petition. She immediately felt in her body she was healed and danced round the bedroom with joy, much to the amazement of father who thought she was behaving in a very peculiar fashion. She told him she was healed. Some time went by and she was without pain, and did her household chores. Quite suddenly one day the arthritic pain returned and she was on the point of saying "O Lord, I thought You had healed me" but she was restrained from finishing the sentence, and said instead, "O Lord, I know You have healed me. Faith counts the things that are not as though they were." Once more the pain left her, never to return. She was so remarkably delivered from the arthritis that she even bought a bicycle and went cycling with her two sons to the Pentecostal meetings.

In the following years—1913 and 1914—Howard and I went again to the Whitsuntide Conventions in Sunderland. Many laid hands upon us but still we had not received the coveted experience.

At the 1914 Convention at Sunderland, there was a very memorable confirmation of the supernaturalness of the speaking in tongues, which I will relate in the hope that it will inspire others as it did us who were present and witnessed it.

Howard and I were sitting together in the Parish Hall and the meeting was in progress. I was on the end chair of our row next to the aisle. Across the aisle sat a Scotsman and my attention was arrested when I saw him begin to shake under the power of the Spirit. Then he gave vent to a loud utterance in tongues. I can hear it now, the unknown tongue was so distinct and clear. It sounded like this, "Ding-a-la, ding-a-la" and then went on into a series of sentences. Mrs. Crisp, the lady-principal of the Women's Training School in London, interpreted the message by the Holy Spirit.

On the platform was a lady missionary from the Congo Inland Mission and this is what she publicly related—

"As soon as that brother began to speak I whispered to the German pastor beside me 'It is a real language.\* I recognised it immediately as the language of the Kifioti tribe among whom I have been labouring. This lady (pointing to Mrs. Crisp) has given an excellent

interpretation of that message. Had T translated the tongue naturally, I would have employed different words, but let me say that the interpretation by the Spirit has embodied in a most beautiful way all the underlying thoughts that were contained in the message.

“Furthermore,” she added, “in the Congo sentries are stationed at intervals in the bush when a message is to be conveyed from one place to another. So as to attract the attention of the next sentry, a call to attention always precedes the message. This brother, by the Spirit, began his utterance with that very call to attention.” This was the ‘Ding-a-la, ding-a-la’.

The same year (1914) Howard and I heard there was to be a Pentecostal Convention in Bedford, and the Chairman was Robert Anderson Jardine. Incidentally this was the same man who became internationally known when he married the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. At the time he performed this ceremony he was Vicar of St. Paul's. Darlington, having, I regret to say, left the Pentecostal Movement.

We travelled on our cycles from Birmingham to Bedford, and learned that the Pastor had arranged for a day of prayer and fasting to precede the Convention. Prior to our visit to Bedford, there had come into Howard's heart an intense desire for God to fill his whole life; he yearned for a more intimate knowledge of the Lord, something that could not be realised merely by Bible study. Relating this great spiritual longing he says: “I fasted, I spent four days without eating, until I was so faint I could hardly walk about. I let everyone put their hands upon me but T did not experience the least scrap of power.”

At this day of prayer and fasting before the Convention, we were both kneeling in prayer along with a group of earnest souls, when Pastor Jardine came round the company laying his hands upon each one and praying. As soon as he touched Howard, the mighty power of God fell and my brother began to make a terrific noise. He said that an indescribably glorious power thrilled his whole being as wave after wave of blessing poured into his soul. His body was shaking, his hands and wrists were violently pounding the chair, and he was



shouting God's praises at the top of his voice. I do not think I ever heard anyone make so much noise. He must have alarmed the Pastor for he left him and turned to me. As soon as he removed his hands from Howard, the manifestation in his body all ceased. I thought that when Mr. Jardine put his hands upon me, a like manifestation would be mine, but no, I felt nothing at all. Later, the Pastor came back to Howard and touched him, and there was a repetition of the same overwhelming demonstration. But there was no outburst in tongues and the reason for this is self-evident.

My brother had adopted the view that one might receive the experience without the evidence of tongues, provided there was some other supernatural manifestation. He keenly opposed one leader who affirmed that speaking in tongues was the Scriptural initial evidence of the Baptism. He later wrote his conviction in these words of testimony—

“I carried my opposition into my seasons of private prayer, and would petition the Lord to baptize me in the Spirit without the speaking in other tongues. At one time it seemed as if the Lord in mercy had considered my infirmity and was giving me what I was actually seeking. It was in the year 1914 during a day of prayer at Bedford that the Spirit came mightily upon me, shaking my whole being from head to foot for a period of about twenty to thirty minutes. A greater manifestation of the power of the Spirit I had never experienced before or since. I felt at that moment I could have spoken in other tongues, but the thought came to me that this would be the opportunity to prove whether tongues was actually the evidence of the Baptism or not. As the power of the Spirit was passing so gloriously through my physical frame, I breathed the inward prayer that I should speak in tongues if it were the evidence of the Baptism, and that I should not speak if it were not so.

“For a time this was to me conclusive that the speaking in other tongues was not the evidence of the Baptism, and this instance was often related. Nevertheless, I had no satisfaction in my spirit. When asked whether I had received, I would constantly affirm that I had, yet in my spirit I felt a lack. I had an experience that I could look back

upon, quite definite and remarkably wonderful yet not wholly satisfying. It was as if I had seen a great deluge of rain falling over a country parched by the sun and greatly refreshing it for the time, but leaving no river flowing through it. I certainly had a testimony of what God had done for me, but I lacked the testimony of what God might have continued doing for me. The blessing I had received only made my hunger the greater. I cried to the Lord for a more satisfying experience and the cry of my heart was met a year later.”

We will now describe what happened the following year when the two of us again attended the Bedford Convention. The afternoon service commenced with Mr. Jardine announcing the opening hymn. Upon rising to sing I discovered Howard was not at my side. Looking down I saw him upon his knees praying to the Lord. Soon he was praying and praising in a loud voice, so loud indeed that the service was being disturbed. The Pastor asked his Elder to lead the noisy brother into the vestry so that the meeting could proceed. I followed the two to the vestry to see what would happen. As my brother crossed the threshold, he burst out in tongues and joyously flung his arms around the Elder and embraced him. Let me again quote Howard’s own words—

“A little before the afternoon meeting I enquired of a ministering brother why the Lord had not granted me a continual experience of the Baptism and a like manifestation as on the Day of Pentecost. He asked, ‘Do you believe the Word of God?’ ‘Most assuredly,’ I replied. ‘Then these signs shall follow,’ he said, repeating the last part of Mark 16. ‘Kneel down here,’ he said, ‘and I will pray with you.’ I knelt and he prayed, but no response came just then. It was nearly time for the service to commence, and as he was due to speak he sent me to take a seat in the congregation.

“I shortly found myself experiencing an anointing of the Spirit akin to the one I had had twelve months before. The power of the Lord was surging up in me. I turned and knelt, intending to pray quietly and praise the Lord for His blessings. As I prayed, the power of the Lord increased, and I soon forgot all about the meeting and was wholly

taken up with the Lord. Heaven seemed wonderfully near, and the spiritual joy which flooded my being cannot be described in words.

“How long I had been on my knees I do not know, but I felt someone touch me on the arm and ask me to rise. I protested at first, fearing that the heavenly blessing would be lost, whereupon he (the Elder) whispered in my ear, ‘You are disturbing the meeting, brother: will you come with me to the vestry and we will pray.’ I was astonished to learn that my silent prayer had become audible. I followed the brother rather unwillingly into the vestry, and as I was crossing the threshold the power of the Spirit flooded my being, and I broke forth in other tongues for the first time in my experience.

“To describe a spiritual experience is as impossible as to define the sweetness of an apple or the beauty of a flower. I may simply state that the spiritual blessing received that day met the great yearning of my soul, and satisfied me that the experience which I had sought so long was now actually real. The Lord had granted me the Gift of the Holy Spirit with the like manifestation as on the Day of Pentecost and similar to that of the company in the house of Cornelius. A definite experience of boundless love and joy filled me, a joy I cannot express, a joy unspeakable and full of glory, for I felt like singing and praising God continually. Moreover the cross of Calvary seemed so wonderfully great to me and the atonement so much more wonderful than ever before. A deep consciousness of the abiding presence of the Lord was blessedly mine from that hour.”

It was while we were in Bedford attending the annual Convention (either this year or the year previous) that Howard had the following experience—

“A number of us young men were sleeping in a tent, our feet to the pole. There we lay like the spokes of a wheel, lying flat on the ground. In the daytime we attended the Conference. One night, one wonderful night, I awoke. Everyone else was fast asleep: I could see and hear them. A holy light was filling the tent. I said to myself, ‘The moon is shining.’ No! There was no moon. It was a glory light. It was wonderful. I was thrilled and said to myself, ‘What shall I do?’

Shall I awake the others?' It was one of the times in my life when I felt a strong restraint. I wanted to waken them all that they might share the glory, but for some reason I cannot explain, I was not permitted to do so: and there I was for some moments in the glory. T said. 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth', but I heard no voice. That is the only vision I have ever had, small as it is, and since that day the glory of God has always been a fascinating subject with me."

Sometime before our Bedford experiences an event happened at the Church of Christ, where we had been converted, that severed our connection with the congregation there.

It was customary on Sunday mornings for the service to be thrown open to any member who felt he had a word from the Lord to give it. My brother, bolder than I, arose one Sunday morning and related publicly all that we had both witnessed at the Sunderland conventions, with its supernatural manifestations and healings. No sooner had he resumed his seat than one of the leading elders took his place on the platform and refuted all that had been said, openly declaring that God would never heal anyone in these modern times apart from medical means.

Some years later, this dear man, dangerously ill, was provided with the best medical means available, for the then Prime Minister, because of their friendship, sent him his own physician. Notwithstanding this, the sufferer died. He was without doubt a real man of God, but unfortunately his eyes were closed to the truth that the Lord is the same as ever and He was pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh as at the beginning and confirming His Word with signs following.

Things ultimately came to a head because we could not undertake to remain silent upon these blessed truths. The officials felt they had no option but to delete our names from the membership roll, and so our fellowship with that assembly terminated.

## **Chapter 3, Called To The Ministry Pioneering In Birmingham**

Before my brother entered into full-time ministry he was engaged as a draughtsman and designer, and found the work very congenial to his taste. An instance of that inventive faculty he had inherited might be given here.

The firm where he was employed dealt in electrical goods, and Howard thought the method used for tilting lamp-shades was rather cumbersome. A much simpler system suggested itself to him and he told the Manager his idea, which the firm immediately adopted. Giving him a small pecuniary reward, they patented the process and made quite a lot of money from it. This was the only time Howard used his inventiveness for the making of money. I understand this invention is still in operation.

In the evenings both of us found our great joy in devoting our spare time to the study of God's Word. Howard soon felt an irresistible urge within his soul to give more time to this holy pursuit, and he approached the Manager of the firm upon the subject. He requested permission to work half-time at his job and receive correspondingly half his present salary. The Manager was quite opposed to the idea, protesting that he had never heard of such a thing in his life. He was not prepared to grant the petition, but when my brother said he would have no alternative but to terminate his employment, the Manager very reluctantly agreed to the proposal, being unwilling to lose Howard's services.

Howard was very happy and expressed his feelings in these words: "Can I describe the joy of that first day when I finished work at the office at one o'clock, and hastened to begin my Bible study? I had bought my free time with a reduction of my income; the time therefore represented money and must not be wasted. And it was not wasted."

In September 1913, a well-to-do brother in Birmingham named Mr. Philip Peters felt it laid upon his heart to try and establish a



Pentecostal work in our great city. Strange as it may seem, there was no Pentecostal assembly whatsoever in Birmingham, a huge city of a million inhabitants.

Mr. Peters rented a small upper room over a shop in the working-class suburb of Saltley and engaged an evangelist to conduct some opening services. He wrote inviting us both to come and assist the effort, which we did. The meeting-place was far from attractive, as one had to climb a number of stone stairs, at the top of which there was a corridor, and the meeting-room was the first door on the left. The new work was given the name of the "Crown Mission".

After the departure of the evangelist there remained only a small nucleus of people, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Peters and their two young daughters, Howard and I, and possibly two or three others. War clouds were beginning to gather over Europe and the great conflict of 1914-1918 was to break in all its dreadful carnage. Whether these dark forebodings led to Mr. Peters' decision or whether he was disheartened at the small success attending his pioneering effort, whatever it was he let it be known that he was leaving the country and taking his wife and family to South America. Upon his departure Howard assumed the leadership of the small company.

During some special meetings conducted at Crown Mission by Mr. Jardine from Bedford, a young man named T. J. Jones was brought into our small meeting. In order to broadcast the arrival of the visiting speaker, a number of us had gone out into the open-air, and it was while I was making the announcement of the services that Mr. Jones passed by. He was from the Plymouth Brethren. He came to the meeting and heard the speaker deliver a message from the second chapter of the Acts.' When he returned to the Brethren and told them where he had been, they warned him against going any more to the Pentecostal meetings. His reply to them was "Brethren, if I go wrong, I will go wrong on God's Word." He never went back to them. The name of T. J. Jones became known throughout the British fellowship as an outstanding preacher and later was in great demand at the many Camp Meetings across the United States.

In the small congregation at the 'Crown' was a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Carrington. The husband was a great sufferer from stomach trouble which caused him such pain that at times he was unable or afraid to eat his food. My brother visited their home one day just as Mr. Carrington returned from his daily work. He flung on the table the packet of sandwiches which his wife had that morning prepared for his lunch and which he had been unable to eat, and sank wearily into a chair. Mrs. Carrington had cooked for him a tasty meal to tempt his appetite but he pushed the plate from him and declared he could not eat it.

Howard, seeing the disappointed look on the wife's face, thought he would take a hand. He asked Mr. Carrington if he believed that the Lord answered prayer. "Yes," the sufferer replied. "Well, we are going to ask the Lord to bless the meal your wife has prepared, so that it will do you good." Thereupon he told Mr. Carrington to eat it in faith, believing that the Lord had blessed the food. There was quite a struggle, but ultimately faith triumphed and the food was all eaten. Never again did Mr. Carrington suffer from that malady.

The Lord smiled upon our united efforts at the 'Crown' and gradually the numbers increased until at times the room became unbearably congested and hot. This fact, together with the difficulty for some people of climbing the stone steps to the meeting, led my brother to think of finding a more suitable hall. Hearing of this a woman in the Assembly came to Howard and offered him £1,000 toward a building. Upon being asked whether her husband was in agreement with the proposal, she answered that the money was not his, it was her own left her by her father. In the light of this Howard felt unable to accept the money.

It may have been because of his righteous attitude to the woman that the Lord allowed him to rent a large hall in another suburb of Birmingham, called Duddeston. It had been a billiard hall and could accommodate three hundred people.

We imagined that the people from the 'Crown' would be only too glad to leave and come to the new place which was not very far away, but

it was not to be. Many of them had been converted and blessed in that upper room and it had memories for them so that they were loath to quit. It was therefore decided to leave them in the care of Mr. T. J. Jones, while Howard and I devoted our time and energies to pioneering this second Pentecostal witness in the new area. It can be added that two of our number went as missionaries to work overseas.

In order to help Mr. Jones, who was following his daily secular employment as well as looking after the 'Crown', Howard arranged for him to come to the Duddeston Hall whenever he was free, and he gave him regular systematic Bible studies to assist him with his ministry.

My brother, now twenty-five years old, felt the Lord was leading him to devote himself fully to the work which was so near to his heart. A well-to-do Christian brother generously offered to send him to college to be trained for the Church of England ministry. When his would-be benefactor learned that Howard could not avail himself of the gracious offer, the gentleman then proposed to cover all fees for entrance to any college or school for whatever ministry he liked to choose. Notwithstanding this most tempting proposal, Howard did not feel it to be the will of God for him, much to the disappointment of the Lord's servant but he expressed to him his deep gratitude for the man's great generosity.

My brother believed that Christ wanted him to step out in faith and trust Him for his support, so he resigned from his place of business where he was still employed half-time, and devoted himself completely to the pioneer work at Duddeston. He placed a box at the rear of the hall which he labelled ministry and looked to the Lord to supply his needs by means of love-gifts placed therein.

I remember him relating a remarkable instance of Divine provision. It was a Monday morning and he had gone down to the hall for prayer and meditation. He was needing money at the time, but as usual he told no one about it except the Lord. Having emptied the ministry box the night before he knew there was nothing left in it, but he reasoned

that God, Who provided so supernaturally for Elijah by means of the ravens and by the multiplication of the meal in the widow's home at Zaraphath, could put money into the box. It was an audacious attitude of faith, because he knew he had been the last person in the hall the night before when he emptied the box, and no one had a key to it except himself, so it followed that no person could have placed anything in the box.

After praying for a time in the front of the hall he arose from his knees and walked towards the box. Feeling his faith failing and doubts arising, he returned to the front. Again he prayed that God would cause money to be in the box and that he could now believe for a miracle. Again he made the attempt but felt his faith evaporate. He prayed the third time and now, strong in faith, he walked to the box, turned the key and there inside was a treasury note.

We may seek to explain this how we wish but my brother felt it was a miracle. He had asked God to give him this indication of His gracious provision to encourage his faith and the Lord had done so. He felt he could no longer doubt God's Word. Ever afterwards my brother manifested a remarkable simplicity of faith, as will be seen in many instances recorded in this biography.

Under the leadership of Mr. T. J. Jones, God was blessing the work at the 'Crown', and at the same time we were enjoying a steady building up of the new work at Duddeston, especially now that Howard was devoting his full time to prayer and the ministry of the Word and to visiting. Mother, Howard and I would cycle across Birmingham to Duddeston, and on Sunday mornings we would take food with us for the whole day, staying for all the services, the Sunday School, prayer meetings and open-air. Sunday was a very full day and we were really tired at its close, but thoroughly happy in the work we were doing, especially as we saw God's blessing resting upon our labours.

We made plans to hold a Pentecostal Convention in our hall at Duddeston, and we had under consideration as special speaker a London Pastor named Mr. A. E. Saxby. We had not met this brother

but heard that he exercised a good ministry of the Word, so I suggested to Howard that he went to London and made some investigation about this man before we definitely engaged him. A Pentecostal Convention was being held in Kingsway Hall, London, and before the meeting Howard found himself sitting next to a gentleman he did not know. In the course of conversation he referred to the fact that we were arranging a Convention in Birmingham and thinking of inviting Pastor Saxby as the special speaker. Did he happen to know Mr. Saxby and could he recommend him? "Oh, yes," replied the gentleman, "I know him very well." "And what is your candid opinion of him?" asked Howard. To my brother's surprise the man said, "If you take my advice you will be well advised to have nothing whatever to do with him." Howard gazed in astonishment at the man's face, and detecting a twinkle in the man's eyes he exclaimed, "Are you Mr. Saxby?" "Yes," he said, "and if you knew him as well as I do, you would be on your guard." That was enough, and when he saw Mr. Saxby on the platform and heard him minister, Howard engaged him on the spot.

At our Convention my brother inaugurated what he termed a 'Faith Tea' for all the visitors. This consisted in setting a table at the rear of the hall, spreading a cloth upon it, arranging crockery and cutlery, but no food. Ample supplies of liquid tea were available but nothing else. People brought their own food and shared what they had with those who had none. It all seemed to work out well and there always appeared sufficient for everybody.

An extraordinary episode occurred one morning. Our convention numbers not being large at the morning meetings, instead of a preaching service we announced that Mr. Saxby would be prepared to answer any questions put to him. He was a man of much experience, having for many years been a Baptist minister prior to coming into Pentecost.

This particular morning, a strange lady accompanied by two friends came to the service, which was proceeding as usual with hymns and prayer. A few questions had been asked and answered by the Chairman, and there had been some utterances in tongues

accompanied by interpretation. Then the aforesaid lady arose and told us, "I have never before been in a meeting of this character and I would like to ask a question. Someone spoke in a strange language, which was followed by another person in English. Can you tell me what it was all about?"

It was explained to her that the first speaker was exercising the gift of tongues and was followed by the gift of interpretation. The lady confessed to being somewhat puzzled, as she had not heard anything like this before. She asked if she might be allowed to give her testimony. Permission being given we resigned ourselves to what we thought would be an ordinary testimony taking up time that could better be devoted to what had been planned. We were, however, surprised and delighted to hear a remarkable account of the Lord's guidance.

It appears that the lady had visited one of the annual Conventions at Keswick and had heard addresses dealing with the filling of the Holy Spirit, an experience that was the birthright of every consecrated believer. This produced a great yearning in her heart, and she earnestly sought the Lord to fill her with the power of the Spirit. One day, she said, her great desire was realised for God met her in a wonderful way. She did not enlarge upon the experience beyond saying that she was possessed with a burning passion for souls. She told how the Lord would lead her to speak to certain individuals, and when she obeyed the leading, she would find hearts already prepared and many were won for Christ. Some friends got to know she was being used in personal soul-winning and spoke to her about a Chinaman who was apparently dying in a small upstairs room of a squalid tenement building. Would she care to go and visit the poor fellow?

She found the place (I believe she said it was Liverpool), climbed the stairs to the top floor and knocked at the door of the room. She entered the dimly-lit apartment and saw the man lying on a mattress in a corner. She spoke to him but there was no response. Either he was too weak to converse or was not sufficiently interested in what

she was saying. Not knowing his language and feeling frustrated by his attitude, she decided to pray at his bedside and leave him.

As she prayed, she told us that the power she had experienced at the first came upon her and she found herself saying words that were not English. The effect upon the Chinaman was surprising. He sat up in bed and exclaimed, "You know my language." "No," she replied. "I do not know a word of Chinese." "But you were speaking my language," he insisted. When he realised that God had used this supernatural means of talking to him, the lady was able to lead him to the Saviour.

On yet another occasion, she was led to speak to some students descending the steps of the University. She found herself addressing some Japanese graduates, but when she mentioned the Christian faith they began laughing at her. Again she realised the presence of the Lord, and what came through her lips on this occasion was the very language of these foreign scholars. The effect upon them, when they discovered she did not know a word of their language was similar to that of the Chinaman.

An incident of a completely different nature occurred at a weeknight meeting in our Assembly whilst my brother was in charge. I happened to be away but he told me about it. The meeting was in progress and all were upon their knees worshipping the Lord, and there was a wonderful sense of the Divine presence. Suddenly there came a loud utterance in other tongues, clearly articulated, but immediately the whole meeting was in bondage. My brother said it was as if a cold wet blanket descended upon the congregation. There was no interpretation and my brother, realising something was wrong, asked the members to rise.

Noticing a stranger in the meeting, Howard particularly chose a hymn dealing with the precious blood of Christ, and read out the first verse preparatory to singing it. He asked the man whether he believed in the power of the precious blood shed on Calvary's cross. With a sneer the man replied, "Oh, I used to believe that stuff but I'm a spiritualist now." Howard said to him, "You are possessed with the

devil and I will cast it out.” However, the man did not give my brother the opportunity, for he made for the door as quickly as possible, and they saw him no more.



## **Chapter 4, Conscientious Objection Prison Experiences**

The Great War was raging and many lives had been sacrificed upon the fields of Flanders. Men were acutely needed and in 1916 a bill authorising Conscription was passed in Parliament. The Act provided for the hearing by Tribunals of objectors to military service.

Both of us had a conscientious objection on religious grounds to participating in war and bloodshed, and we filed our applications for exemption at the same time. Nevertheless we were not called for hearing at the same tribunal. I received notification before my brother and attended the appointed tribunal for the hearing of ray grounds for objection. The Chairman was Neville Chamberlain who later became Prime Minister. At that time I was employed at Lloyds Bank, Head Office, Birmingham. To everyone's great surprise I was granted absolute exemption on conscientious grounds, something that was scarcely known at that time.

A little later Howard, at another tribunal was granted exemption conditional upon undertaking medical service. He said he was prepared to do this work provided that any men he nursed back to health were not returned to the fighting line. As this was an impossible request his application was about to be dismissed when reference was made to the fact that he was a full-time Minister of Religion, being pastor of the church at Duddeston.

It was felt this presented a case for the civil court so a hearing was arranged before a judge as, under the Act, Ministers of Religion were exempt from military service.

Many questions were asked and it appeared that the Court was at the point of coming to a decision in his favour when the judge asked to what denomination his church belonged. When it was learned that the church at Duddeston was unattached and quite undenominational, the case was dismissed on the grounds that he was not a recognised Minister. The newspapers the following

morning bore the head-lines "Minister to Serve. Not a Minister of a recognised Denomination."

The anomalous position was that I was as free as though no war was raging, whilst my brother now awaited arrest by the military police. One morning we travelled together to the City, shook hands and parted, I to follow my usual job as cashier and Howard to report for custody and imprisonment.

He was escorted to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, London, where his hair was cropped very short, he was dressed in prison clothes, and put into a cell by himself. As the door shut with a clang and the key turned in the lock, Howard sat on the edge of the bed and began to tremble from head to foot. Temperamentally he was highly-strung, and all he had passed through at the two hearings coupled with the arrest and solitary confinement so wrought upon his sensitive nature that he began to wonder whether he might lose his reason.

Violently trembling he felt he must ring for the prison doctor. He rose to press the bell that would summon assistance, and then fell back on the bed remembering that he had preached how God could meet one's need whatever the circumstance. He heard a nearby prisoner screaming and he himself felt the temptation to do likewise, but he took a grip upon himself and resisted.

Somewhere in the prison he could hear a loud clock, and its constant 'tick-tock, tick-tock' so affected him in his nervous condition that he cried to the Lord to stop the clock. The clock stopped. It had been raining and he could hear drops of water falling from some guttering, and the 'drip, drip, drip' acted upon his nerves in the same way as the ticking of the clock. The noise of the water drops was magnified until the sound seemed like hammer-blows on his tense brain. Again he cried, "Lord, stop that water dripping" and immediately it ceased.

This simplicity of faith may possibly amuse some readers who will dismiss the events as mere coincidences or the imaginations of an overwrought brain; but my brother's life was characterised by many such 'coincidences'. We will let him tell of another such happening which occurred several years later when ministering in Wales. He

was preaching in a different place each night, necessitating a constant change of beds, and he was finding it hard going. One night he was accommodated in a miner's small home and he occupied the front bedroom; then he relates the following—

“I tried to sleep but outside my window was a street gas lamp. There was evidently water in the pipe for the light went up and down, alternating continually. It would go down until it was almost negligible and then up again. This worried me. If anyone has suffered from nerves he will understand. Anything mechanical or regular in its alternation (the room flooded with light and then with darkness) is unbearable. I could not sleep. What could I do? I prayed fervently, ‘O Lord, You know how bad my nerves are; please stop that thing outside’ but nothing happened. I sat up in bed and said, ‘It has got to stop.’ There were beads of perspiration on my brow. I decided that if it is right to address the wind and the waves, I could talk to the lamp.

“I waited until the unction of the Spirit was upon me. Then I took a deep breath and cried out, ‘In the Name of the Lord, stop!’ It stopped! I lay back in bed delighted and had a wonderful time with God. I had been unable to sleep when the flame went up and down, and now I could not sleep from sheer joy when it didn't go up and down.

“I don't know how long it was before I actually did fall asleep or how long I slept, but it was still dark when I awoke, and I began another little praise service. Then something happened, as sometimes may have happened to you—the trouble returned. The light went up and down again.

“People may sometimes receive a remarkable healing and go about giving their testimony, then sometime after the symptoms of the complaint return. When they ask me what they shall do, I tell them to refuse to doubt. To finish my story, I again said in a loud voice, ‘No, you don't! You stop!’ This time it stopped, and it gave me no more trouble.”

This extraordinary child-like faith brings to mind another instance which occurred in Birmingham. In our house we were troubled with

mice, and to rid ourselves of the vermin the suggestion was made to purchase a trap or to put down poison. My brother, however, said in his naive way, "Let us ask the Lord to drive them out of the house." He did so and the creatures completely disappeared, never to return.

The afore-described blessed evidences of the Lord's presence in that prison with him helped Howard tremendously, but that first week was a nightmare to him. After being fed on a bread and water diet for seven days, a small square piece of corned beef was allowed the prisoners each day. Howard says that as he eagerly swallowed the meat, it seemed fresh life and strength energised his body. The worst was over. The Lord had helped him through.

Learning that I would be allowed to visit Howard in prison, I journeyed from Birmingham to London and, in company with Mr. A. E. Saxby, went to Wormwood Scrubbs. I was shocked to see him with his head shaved and with the broad arrows on his prison garb. We were compelled to carry on our conversation through a screen, with a warder in attendance. It was a very moving experience for both of us.

From there we went to see Brother Donald Gee, who was working as a conscientious objector on a farm in Buckinghamshire. We found him dressed as a farm-labourer, trimming the hedge around the held. He was so conscientious that he would spare only a short time to talk to us as he felt that his time and service belonged to the Christian farmer who was employing him under the Ministry of Labour. It was hard for Brother Gee as he was a married man whilst Howard and I were single.

After about nine months in the Scrubbs, the prisoners were transferred to Dartmoor Prison, where the restrictions were relaxed. They were not locked in cells and in addition there were other liberties. During the day-time some of the prisoners, including my brother, broke stones on the Moor under the supervision of warders, but in the evenings they were allowed freedom to meet and converse together in the prison.

It must not be thought that the prisoners were all objectors to war on Christian principles. Some were atheists objecting on moral grounds, and others on political grounds; but my brother soon discovered some earnest evangelical Christians among the company, and he became the recognised leader of a group which met regularly in one of the larger rooms, for fellowship and Bible study.

With his customary love of the Word of God, Howard devoted all available time to the prosecution of Bible study. Whilst in the prison at Wormwood Scrubbs he had begun to delve into the subject of the nine gifts of the Holy Spirit. The topic became of absorbing interest to him and he shared his findings with the nucleus who gathered at Dartmoor. This is how he describes the light which came to him upon this subject in those uncommon and uncongenial surroundings, and I quote from the Preface he wrote to his book 'Questions and Answers on Spiritual Gifts'—

"It was during the first World War that this study had its origin. My interest was kindled as I looked into the subject. From that time until the present this absorbing topic has never ceased to occupy my mind and because the theme is inexhaustible, fresh light continually flashes from the pages of God's Word.

"Since these investigations began at a time so early in the present outpouring of the Spirit, I feel I can claim to be a pioneer in the subject, the studies having been made without the aid of other books upon the theme. There being no books available for reference at the time rendered the study all the more interesting. I felt somewhat like an explorer who has discovered uncharted territory and is surveying it alone.

"At times it was quite exciting. Here was an important subject which had been strangely neglected by the Church of Christ as a whole, in spite of the fact that the Apostle Paul had stated definitely that he would not have us to be ignorant concerning Spiritual Gifts. In searching for any possible material on the subject I naturally turned to Bible Commentaries, only to be perplexed instead of enlightened

because of the scanty references to the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians.

“What little some Commentators wrote on the subject proved disappointing in the extreme. The miraculous enduement of power was, to a large extent, interpreted in a natural way. The Word of Wisdom, the first and greatest gift of the Spirit, was to them merely a preacher’s sanctified wisdom, and instead of the gift being expounded as a manifestation of the Spirit, they reduced it to the level of human wisdom consecrated to the service of God.

“Perhaps the first flicker of light which God granted to me in those early days, before books and articles had been written on the subject, was the positively supernatural aspect of each of the gifts. It was made clear to me then, and I have never deviated from the conviction, that a gift which is a manifestation of the Holy Spirit cannot be also a manifestation of the human spirit.

“I turned to heaven for help. Would God Himself be pleased to grant light upon the subject? Often I longed for light and guidance from some human source. Nothing helpful could be found, so I was compelled to pursue the subject with whatever light God would grant me. And light came—not as the flashing of a meteor but rather like the slow dawning of the day.

“It was after eight years of study and prayer that the subject became sufficiently clear to cause interested friends to request the printing of the lectures.”

The suggestion that the teaching should be printed in book form found expression when Harold Horton offered to write a book if my brother would loan him his notes. At the time Howard was Principal of the Hampstead Bible School and had been giving lectures to the students upon the subject of Spiritual Gifts. Mr. Horton’s excellent treatise entitled “The Gifts of the Spirit” has become a classic upon the subject and has gone through several editions. He kindly acknowledged his indebtedness to my brother for the loan of his private notes. This is what the author says in the Introduction and Acknowledgment to his first edition—

“I had never really considered the Gifts of the Spirit at all until I heard my friend and mentor speak about them. In scores of private conversations with him in his study, on sunny heath, by riverside—seasons of fellowship and furious enquiry whose memory is very sweet—I learned the things that are set down in this book. I have, moreover, recently been favoured with the loan of Mr. Carter’s schedule of private notes on the subject. It is with deep sincerity that I acknowledge to him my enormous debt of gratitude. I can say that the interpretation presented in these pages, like a later beloved ‘Benjamin’, is largely Mr. Carter’s child.”

Upon my brother’s removal to prison, the oversight of the work at Duddeston fell upon my shoulders. My exemption from military service allowed me to continue with my daily occupation at the Bank, and to devote my spare time to the study of the Word and the ministry at the Assembly. The War was now producing such a drain upon the country’s manpower that more soldiers were needed for the front, so the Government decided that all exemptions should be reviewed.

I had therefore to appear before another Tribunal, resulting in the cancellation of my total exemption given on conscientious grounds. They informed me I must do work of national importance, and I was sent as a ‘labourer’ (such was the designation upon my official card) to a farm in Lancashire for the purpose of milking cows.

Mr. T. J. Jones had been called up but was totally rejected on medical grounds as it was discovered that he had a heart murmur. He therefore became responsible for the two assemblies—at Saltley and at Duddeston.

Towards the end of 1918 I learned that Howard had been released from Dartmoor Prison and had been transferred to a Farm Training Colony in Berkshire. The purpose of the Colony was to train teenage boys, who had been in trouble with the police, to become good citizens. When I learned that he was out of prison and working in this Institution, I was naturally anxious to see him again after our long separation, so I made application for a transfer from the dairy farm,

and this was granted. It was a great joy to us both to be reunited and we had much to discuss.

The 'brothers' on the Colony were each placed in charge of these unruly boys and certain manual tasks were allotted each day—cutting down trees, chopping wood, market-garden work, etc. Strict discipline was the rule. A certain religious atmosphere was maintained by the Superintendent, and it is to be hoped that some lasting good was wrought in the characters of these unfortunate lads.

One could tell of some amusing incidents that occurred, as when Howard was endeavouring to get his squad to be a little more industrious in their job of chopping up wood. They suddenly turned on him with their axes and Howard had to run for it. In doing so, his hat fell off and the boys took their revenge on his headgear, chopping it into small pieces.

Some respite was found from this intractable atmosphere in spending our free Sundays in the home of a warmhearted and hospitable Christian woman, a Methodist, who lived in a village about four miles from the Colony. The welcome here was like the quiet retreat enjoyed by the Lord in the peaceable home at Bethany. The good soul drank in the message of Pentecost, and an Assembly was started in her home, and later established in a building of their own.

The internecine War eventually came to its close and the fighting men, or what was left of them, began their homeward trek. Permission being given for the conscientious objectors also to return to their homes we both made our way to our parents' abode in Birmingham, and to the Pentecostal Assembly in Duddleston.

An incident occurred after my brother's return home which greatly astonished him. This marked the beginning of his prophetic ministry through the impartation of the Word of Wisdom. He records it in these words—

"I was at home meditating on the Scriptures for the Sunday messages. The portion of Scripture around which my thoughts revolved was the incident of the draught of fishes, recorded in Luke's gospel, chapter five. The Lord, having preached to the people out of



Simon's boat, told him to launch out into the deep for a draught, as though He would recompense Peter for the use of his boat. But the suggestion perplexed Peter, for he had been toiling all night and had caught nothing. He obeyed, at least in part, for he let down one net. The great haul of fish greatly astonished Peter.

"The words 'For he was astonished' (verse 9) so impressed themselves on my mind that I decided to take them for a text. It occurred to me that if the Lord would only astonish me, personally, I would have a far more convincing message, and would be able to relate my experience with decided emphasis.

"The seeming audacity of asking the Lord to astonish me caused me to laugh heartily. I felt an inward assurance that it might actually come to pass. Joy flooded my soul and I began to speak with other tongues.

"In the ecstasy of the moment I cried, 'Lord, give me the interpretation'. My prayer was immediately answered for the interpretation came, the first I had ever given. The Lord had astonished me and my heart was overflowing with holy joy as I sat at the study table in the quiet of my room. But there was more to follow.

"With the granting of the gift of interpretation my faith seemed greatly to increase, so that I asked the Lord for the gift of prophecy also. Again the Lord was pleased to answer, for I prophesied in the Spirit. The Lord had astonished me in the extreme.

"This first utterance in prophecy was more than the simple gift of prophecy, for the words were related to the coming Convention we had planned for some weeks ahead. This gathering was to be the largest since the opening of the assembly. Speakers had been invited from far and near. However, after sending out the invitations my mind was exercised regarding the expenses.

"Now this was the message which had been given me, 'Concerning that which is in thy mind thou needest not to fear, saith the Lord, for I will provide and thou shalt keep thine eyes upon Me; yea, I will provide and thou shalt keep thine eyes upon Me.'

“A prophetic ministry was what I had most desired in my spiritual life and had earnestly longed for. I had asked for two gifts and the Lord had magnanimously given me three—the gift of interpretation, prophecy, and the word of wisdom. My heart was flooded with unspeakable joy.

“In due time the Convention meetings commenced. The numbers attending were certainly the largest we had ever had in our assembly; but I could see that the offerings, though quite good, would not be sufficient.

“It was on the last day, after lunch, that a visitor from London suggested that we take a walk together for a little fresh air. As we walked he said he felt impressed to give me some money for the work. He gave me fifty pounds in cash. This most unexpected gift, added to our good offerings, fully met our needs. Without it we would have faced a serious situation. In those days fifty English pounds meant a large sum of money for our struggling cause.”

## Chapter 5, Called To London Prophetic Guidance

Sometime after our return to Birmingham, my brother went on a visit to London and stayed for a few days in the home of Mr. A. E. Saxby. It was the custom of Mr. Saxby to spend an hour each morning pleading in prayer for revival for the City of London, and the return of apostolic power and manifestation. It was revealed to Mr. Saxby that the Lord was calling Howard to labour in London, and there were others who had the same conviction, but he himself was loath to leave the work he had pioneered in Birmingham.

After attending a Pentecostal meeting in Croydon (south of London) Howard began to feel very sick. This developed until he was in such agony that it was even thought he might die. They asked him if they should fetch a doctor, but he replied that he wished to trust the Lord to heal him. They then suggested preparing a poultice to ease the pain, and when he declined they asked what he wanted, and he replied 'Prayer'.

"That night," said Howard, "I writhed in agony, the next was dreadful and so was also the next night and the day following that. I cannot describe it. I really thought the end was approaching and I was preparing myself for it.

"On the third day Mr. Saxby came into my room and said, 'The Lord has been speaking to us about you and He has revealed that you are to come and work in London. Are you willing to come?'

"In my utter weakness I replied that I was ready to do the will of God, whatever that meant. Within an hour of my making that statement all pain left my body; by tea-time I arose and ate my first meal since the attack."

Now we come to an amazing prophecy that was to alter his whole future life, and we will let him record it in his own words of testimony

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“I went home to Birmingham, returning at a later date to London to see what the will of the Lord might be concerning my life. One day when six of us were gathered together for an hour of prayer, Mr. Saxby spoke forcibly in tongues by the Spirit, and I immediately received the interpretation, the gist of which was as follows:

‘Gather My people together, said the Lord, gather My people together and build for Me. Gather from the north, and from the south, from the east and from the west, and build for Me, saith the Lord. And it shall come upon horses and mules, upon camels and dromedaries; it shall come upon chariots and wheels; yea, a great company shall come, and ye shall build for Me, said the Lord. And there shall be heaps of money, heaps upon heaps, there shall be heaps upon heaps.’

“The message filled us with overflowing joy and, like Abraham of old, we laughed in the Spirit. I asked Mr. Saxby why he was laughing and he exclaimed with radiant face, ‘Because of the heaps of money.’ We lifted our hearts to the Lord and prayed. ‘Let it come quickly, O Lord.’

“When we gathered for the mid-day meal, Mrs. Saxby had to be told about the message. Her husband said to her, ‘My dear, what do you think the Lord said to us this morning? He said we would have heaps of money.’ I can see her now as she clapped her hands together saying, ‘Praise the Lord, may it come quickly.’ We all had another good laugh and finished our meal.

“Little did we think that the prayer would be so speedily answered. One of the most amazing incidents of the life of faith was experienced that night. We had been invited out to tea and after a very pleasant time of fellowship with the dear brother in Christ who had entertained us, we rose to go. Before leaving he said, ‘Stay a few minutes longer, I have something to say to you,’! We explained that we had very little time to spare as the hour was getting late.

“Our host said, ‘It is strange that only you two should have come tonight. I invited four but did not state in the invitation the purpose for which I invited them. I asked the Lord to bring those whom he

wished to hear about this matter. As only two have come, it must be the will of the Lord to make the matter known to you. You know that I am a businessman, and I have not paid my tithes to the Lord for a long time. God spoke to me and said, 'Lay the money at the apostles' feet.' I said to him, 'You will have to find the apostles before you can discover their feet!'

"He did not take any notice of my remark but went on, 'I am going to give it to you two brethren.' Mr. Saxby asked, 'How much do you think it will be?' He replied, 'I have not reckoned it up exactly, but it will be more than two thousand pounds.'

"I gave the pastor a nudge and said, 'You remember what God said to us this morning?' 'Yes', he exclaimed aloud, 'the Lord said we should have heaps upon heaps of money.' Our host said, 'Well, here's the first heap' and he placed in our hands two thousand four hundred pounds (worth much more today).

"This left another part of the prophecy to be fulfilled. We had now to build for the Lord and gather His people together. For a time we looked around to see where we could gather the Lord's people. Then we found a church building for sale in the south-east of London, which we purchased for fifteen hundred pounds, and there we began the spiritual work of building up an assembly. The blessing of the Lord rested upon the work, but the prediction in its cosmopolitan aspect still remained unfulfilled. The company of people gathering was not coming from abroad and all that was suggested by chariots and wheels and animals found no expression in the local assembly; but the Lord had given the message and it was His divine responsibility to fulfil the Word."

At this juncture we will leave the account of the remarkable way in which the remainder of the prediction was fulfilled (in the year 1921) and proceed with the biographical outline of events affecting our two lives at this time.

Although the Bank authorities had kindly assured me that my position with them would be reserved until my return at the close of the War, I myself had unmistakably heard the voice of the Lord

calling me into full-time service for Himself. I therefore sent in my resignation from the Bank, but I did not know what ministry the Lord had for me, but meanwhile I took over the responsibility of the Assembly at Duddeston.

I invited George Jeffreys, the celebrated evangelist then working in Northern Ireland, to come and conduct an Evangelistic and Divine Healing Campaign in our Hall. He kindly accepted, bringing with him his co-worker Ernest Darragh. Neither of them had ever been to the City of Birmingham before, but what Mr. Jeffreys saw opened his eyes to the immense possibilities of Pentecostal pioneering in this great city.

We had good fellowship together and he talked to me about the Elim Evangelistic Band he had formed and of the rapidly expanding work in Ulster, and invited me to join in the work over there. I felt this to be the leading of the Lord, and at the close of 1919 I crossed to Belfast, accompanied by Howard who was ministering at the Elim Christmas Convention in that city, and I was soon engaged in conducting evangelistic campaigns in different Orange Halls.

Howard now set about establishing an assembly in the hall which had been purchased out of the money so miraculously provided. It was known as the "People's Hall", and was situated in Boone Street, Lee, South-East London. It should be said that a little band of Pentecostal workers had been holding meetings for some time in Lee, near the Lewisham Clock Tower, and when the People's Hall was opened, they united in the work under Howard's leadership.

The prophetic word had said 'Gather My people together and build for Me', so in order to launch the new work George Jeffreys and Ernest Darragh were invited to conduct an opening campaign in May 1920. This resulted in a number of converts and interested friends forming a solid spiritual basis for the Assembly which has continued to the present time. Howard was accommodated in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Phair. This gracious Pentecostal man had qualified as a doctor in America, but when he came into the truth of Divine healing, he felt he could no longer engage in medical practice. He and Mrs.

Phair and family had been responsible for the above-mentioned meetings in Lewisham and he now became the first elder in the newly-formed Assembly. The friendship continued until the Doctor died many years later in California.

In the Lee assembly was a fine young lady, intelligent, well-educated, good-looking and an able speaker. My brother noted these admirable qualifications and felt she would make a splendid pastor's wife. He believed that the attraction was mutual but before proceeding further, he laid the whole matter before the Lord. For obvious reasons he did not wish to publicize the personal revelation he received from the Lord during a time of prayer, but he told me it took the form of the following words—

‘That which thou hast desired thou shalt never have, and that which thou hast longed for shall never be thine, but thou shalt be satisfied with that which I will give thee.’

This settled the matter once and for all in his own mind, for all he wanted was the perfect will of God, but the message certainly made him feel very curious. Whatever was the Lord going to give him that would fill his life so that he would be completely satisfied? Each day for the following two months the thought was uppermost in his mind, and he awaited with interest that which had been promised him. The reader will now learn how marvellously the Lord fulfilled His word.

Soon after the initial outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Britain Mr. Cecil Polhill, the owner of Howbury Hall, near Bedford, began in 1909 weekly meetings on Friday nights in Sion College, an ecclesiastical building on the Thames Embankment, Blackfriars, London.

A Christian solicitor named Mr. T. H. Mundell, who had received the Baptism in the Spirit in 1908, regularly attended these Sion College meetings. Being desirous of seeing Mr. Mundell about a small legal matter, my brother wrote him suggesting that they might speak together for a few minutes in Sion College before the Friday evening meeting. The solicitor wrote back and invited him to his home in Croydon for tea. Let Howard himself now tell the whole story—

“I picked up my pen to reply that it would be difficult to spare the time to travel right across London in order to have the pleasure of taking tea with him as I was very busy, that I would see him in the normal course of events at Sion College on the Friday.

“I held my pen intending to write in this strain but felt a gentle pressure restraining me, such as I had never felt before or since. I could not write that letter and I remarked to myself, ‘This is strange,’ for I am not at all mystical. I tried a second time but I could not write the letter. I picked up my pen a third time and was still checked.

“In my concern I dropped on my knees and prayed, ‘Lord, what is the meaning of this?’ I received no clear guidance, but when I arose from my knees I decided to accept the invitation. The burden lifted and I now felt free in writing; nevertheless I thought it very strange.

“On Thursday, which was the day of the invitation, I crossed London, quite perplexed as to why I had been led to take the journey. When Mr. Mundell opened the door, my first words to him, after the usual salutations were ‘I do not know why I have come today as I am so busy.’

“Mr. Mundell replied, ‘I know why you have come When your letter arrived the Lord said to me, This is the man.’ I said ‘What do you mean?’ He replied, ‘I will tell you after tea.’

“I can remember the whole interview, it is today imprinted upon- my memory. I can recall saying to myself as I was eating, ‘What can he mean—This is the man?’ “After tea we sat beside the fire and Mr. Mundell was silent, as a solicitor can be at times, as to the purport of his earlier remark. I felt I should say something, so I mentioned that I would have to be leaving. He then said, ‘Not until I have told you of the matter.’

“I sat back to listen to what he had to say. He began by saying, ‘You know we have a Bible School.’ I answered, ‘Yes, I have heard about it but have not had the pleasure of seeing it.’ He asked, ‘Do you know that we have lost the Principal?’ And I answered, ‘No’.



“Mr. Mundell replied, ‘I know why you have come, the Lord said to me, This is the man. We are therefore asking you to take charge of the Bible School at Hampstead as its Principal.’ I immediately replied, ‘Excuse me, Mr. Mundell, I fear you have made a mistake. I am not the man. What you need is a married man, so that his wife can be the Matron.’ His reply to this was, ‘We have tried married men up to the present, and now we have decided to ask a single man.’ I said, ‘I am sorry, Mr. Mundell, but I must definitely refuse.’

“For nearly an hour I endeavoured to explain how unsuitable I was for such a post, that an older man should be asked, and that he must have mistaken the leadings of the Lord respecting myself. Time was growing late, so at his suggestion I consented to take the post until they could find a suitable brother. ‘That is alright,’ he said, ‘we shall never need anyone else.’ The interview closed with my promise to fill the gap for a couple of months until they found a man suitable for the position.”

Such an one was never engaged nor even sought. The two months lengthened into twenty-seven and a half years, and Howard continued in charge of the students. It was in this very remarkable way that the Lord fulfilled the promise to him, ‘Thou shalt be satisfied with that which I the Lord will give thee.’ The work proved completely satisfying to him, and again and again it was confirmed that he was there in the perfect will of the Lord. He was a very young Principal, being only thirty years of age, but under the blessing of God he gained the respect of all, including staff and students older than himself.

This remarkable sequence of events also brought about the fulfilment of the prophetic word given in Mr. Saxby’s home in North London. The centre part of the prediction contained the words ‘It shall come upon horses, mules, camels, dromedaries, upon chariots and wheels, yea, a great company.’ From the Hampstead Bible School there are students ministering in over twenty different countries of the world where there are camels, dromedaries, horses, chariots, wheels. They have come from far and near, from the north, the south, the east and the west.

Before we take our leave of Mr. Mundell, it will be of interest to record that he was the instrument used in father's conversion. We have mentioned before that father lived a totally godless life, never attending a place of worship. When approaching his seventieth birthday he asked Howard to secure the services of a solicitor in order to make his will. Seeing this as a splendid opportunity and knowing Mr. Mundell was an ardent soul-winner, my brother brought him along to our home, now in the southeast of London.

After the business of drawing up the will was completed the solicitor spoke to father about another most important business that needed his attention and he soon had father upon his knees and led him to the Lord. Wanting to bring father to a place of assurance, Mr. Mundell took father's hand and pointing one by one to his fingers he quoted the words for father to repeat, 'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine.' Three years later as father lay dying, mother was still concerned about his salvation. Father was unable to speak but he feebly raised one hand with the fingers extended, meaning 'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine'. He had no sooner done this than his hand dropped and he was dead.

My brother was now attempting to shoulder two heavy responsibilities—the Bible School in the north-west of London and the Lee assembly in the south-east. To minister in both places entailed long journeys right across the Metropolis and as he possessed no motor-car, it entailed several changes on the Underground and on Buses. It was proving too much for him physically, so he sent me an S.O.S. to leave the Elim work and join him in London. I responded to his appeal and became co-pastor of the Lee assembly. My mother and father, with our cousin Elsie Bruntnell, had by now come from Birmingham and rented a house in the south-east of London, so I made my home with them.

Before proceeding to relate details of Howard's Principalship, it would be helpful to devote some space to his ministry at the Lee Assembly. Looking back over the church records I find there were continual additions to the membership in the early 1920s. Many were

coming to Christ, there were frequent baptisms in water and baptisms in the Spirit.

He was fond of relating a story of what happened in the church one day when he was praying with the sick, among whom was a Welshman. "I said to the Welshman, 'What do you want from the Lord?' He said, 'Hearing.' I laid my hands on him and prayed and said, 'Brother, can you hear?' He put his hand around his ear and said, 'What did you say?' There are some embarrassing moments in the ministry, as we have all found, and I stepped away. In that church there was a little alcove and I walked in there and said privately, 'Lord, where is the power to lay hands upon the sick that we talk about?'

"The power of the Spirit came upon me and I felt it tingling through me. I went straight to him, laid my hands upon him, and God opened his ears. I was speaking with other tongues at the time, and when later he gave his testimony he said, 'When God opened my ears (and he could hear a watch ticking) Brother Carter spoke in Welsh.' I want to explain that the Welsh language is very difficult for an Englishman to speak, but under the power of the Spirit I spoke to a Welshman in his own language at the moment God opened his ears.

Howard tells of a lady in the church, whom the Lord baptized in the Spirit and she spoke in tongues. She had formerly belonged to the Methodists. In the testimony meeting immediately afterwards, she said she could now understand the experience of her sister who, when she was dying, began to speak in a language that no one understood. Those standing about the bed thought her sister was delirious, but she now understood that her sister's joy was not delirium but that she was speaking in other tongues as she passed into eternity. The dying sister herself denied that she was delirious but was full of the joy of the Lord. She spoke several times in an unknown tongue.

It was about this time that my brother began to exercise that ministry of assisting seekers into the Pentecostal baptism that afterwards particularly characterised his labours. He enjoyed praying with such

and oftentimes the majority, if not all, would quickly receive what many had sought for years.

The joint oversight proved a happy arrangement because the people loved Howard's ministry (he was their first pastor), and when he was able to take the pulpit it allowed me to accept outside ministry and to conduct evangelistic campaigns. We continued for some years to work together in co-pastorship until the time came that he found it necessary to devote himself to the increasing number of activities connected with the Hampstead work. This meant that the sole responsibility of the growing work fell upon my shoulders.

## Chapter 6, The Hampstead Bible School

It will be helpful to give the reader a short history of the Bible School, which was the first Pentecostal School in this country and one of the earliest in the world.

With the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Sunderland there was kindled in the hearts of many who received the Baptism a burning zeal for missionary service. Early in 1909 the Pentecostal Missionary Union came into being, with Cecil Polhill as its President, and the P.M.U. Council realised that a Bible School was necessary for the training of Missionary candidates.

The School was first established at Paddington, London, later transferred to Preston and then returned to London, where it was housed at Hackney, east London. After a temporary suspension owing to the first World War, the School was re-opened at 12 South Hill Park Gardens, where it was situated on the borders of Hampstead Heath. Hampstead is one of the most healthy suburbs of London and is certainly one of the most beautiful. The School in 1920 was under the Principalship of Mr. Hollis and it was upon his resignation that Howard was requested to take the responsibility of the School. He began his ministry there on the 14th February 1921 under the auspices of the Pentecostal Missionary Union.

The principle of faith in the Lord was made the rule of the School right from the start of my brother's regime but he let this announcement appear in the very first issue of 'Redemption Tidings'. "In order that students should not be denied the privilege of learning the lessons of faith in God, we have made it a rule that they should contribute a portion of what is required for their board. This sum has remained at one pound per week."

What stories could be told of those early struggles of faith on the part of the students. No assembly guaranteed a student's support in those days. Some would come who had saved ten pounds but this was soon spent; then they would come to the Matron with their pitiful story.

I am indebted to my cousin, who was then Matron, for the following story. She relates the desperation of one male student who told her, "My money has all gone, I must go back to work." His suit had become frayed and he was owing three pounds for board. She told him to postpone his decision as the School would be prepared to wait a while. That very day there came a parcel by post, and when she opened it inside was a gift of three pounds and three beautiful suits, together with a note 'For the neediest student.' He was the 'neediest' and the suits exactly fitted him.

She tells of another occasion when the Cook came asking for money to buy some cheese. All she wanted was six shillings, but the Matron did not know where to lay her hand upon this small sum at that time. She went upstairs to see if there was any money in her own coat but there was none in her pocket. Evidently there must have been a hole in her coat because she felt something in the lining and there was exactly six shillings.

It would be well to refer to the process of teaching employed by the new Principal in the School. He was not happy with the usual style of lecturing by which the teacher's thoughts are inculcated into the hearers' minds, but felt the better method is to draw out their ideas upon a given subject. Consequently he adopted the conversational style of teaching, so that students should be trained to develop their own originality of thought and interpretation under the tutor's guidance. This is a harder technique than the customary one of dictating prepared lectures which students take down as they are able, but it is now recognised in modern methods of education and is adopted in many academic institutions.

Without any prepared lecture Howard would enter the classroom and ask the students either to suggest a scriptural subject for discussion or else propose one himself. It might perchance be 'The New Birth'. Each student would be required to write down perhaps twelve passages of scripture upon the subject. The tutor himself would do likewise, and always work with them. The time would be limited to twelve or fifteen minutes, and there would be silence except for the scratching of pens or turning of Bible pages for reference.

The class in turn would read out their lists of references as would also the tutor, discarding any passages that were not relevant. It was inevitable that there was duplication of some scriptures. With quite a list of suitable verses the next job was to classify the material, arranging it in doctrinal order under suitable headings. Various suggestions made by the students would be criticized and helpful advice given.

One of the early students expressed in the School magazine (the 'Review') his appreciation of the fellowship and benefit derived from the studies in the following words—"How often I have thanked God for the Bible School at Hampstead, and that He permitted me to be among the early students there. Those were precious days of study and prayer, mingled with rich and holy fellowship, of which I cherish sacred memories. It was in the School that I learned how to study the Word of God and to present it to the people in a systematic way, which I find leaves a lasting impression upon heart and mind."

Another student recorded his impressions: "One thing that characterises the School, making it precious to every Pentecostal believer, is the liberty in the matter of seeking God. The exercise of spiritual gifts is encouraged, and the atmosphere is congenial to those seeking the Spirit's fulness. A day is set aside every month as a day of prayer.

It was my privilege to attend such a meeting during my first full week at the School.

"Such a never-to-be-forgotten time, such a heavenly experience! The Spirit was present in a wonderful way, passing from heart to heart, and diffusing His gifts as He will. A week in the School and the writer received the gift of prophecy! "

As already mentioned, it was in February 1921 that Howard became the principal of the School under the auspices of the Pentecostal Missionary Union. In the autumn of the following year, however, he received the disturbing information that the P.M.U. had decided to close its doors. This called for a great step of faith on his part.

Owing to the finances of the P.M.U. becoming strained, they first closed their Women's Training Home. After a few months matters grew so serious that they decided not to send out any more missionaries but devote their income to those already on the field. Then came a letter announcing that the P.M.U. Council had decided very reluctantly to close the Men's School at No. 12. This is how my brother received the news—

“That very morning my reading portion, which I read before the post came, was the 91st Psalm. What a comfort this Psalm has been to me since! When I opened the letter and read it to the students, a feeling of dismay came over the company. Convinced that the work of God in Great Britain could not be deprived of its only Bible School, I asked the students to unite with me in prayer that the Lord would allow the work to continue without a council, or an association, or any humanly guaranteed support. The spirit of laughter took possession of us and we felt conscious that God had heard our cry.

“I mentioned the proposal to the P.M.U. Council and they were extremely glad at the thought, and promised to help by sending to us any students they desired to be trained, and also by lending the furniture of the School for twelve months, free of charge. So the work continued without a break.”

On October 1st 1922 Howard finally assumed full, personal responsibility for the establishment. “After only one year and eight months the School became the gift of the Lord to me, fulfilling the prophecy “Thou shalt be satisfied with that which I give thee.”

Because they were living in a residential area in Hampstead, they were forbidden to advertise the fact that a Bible School was being conducted on the premises at No. 12, so the house was designated ‘Pentecost’ and this name was painted in large letters on the skylight over the front entrance, as no one could object to a name being given to the house. My brother saw to it that there was an insistent emphasis laid upon the Pentecostal experience and the Gifts of the Holy Spirit.



In the month of November 1921, the evangelist Stephen Jeffreys was, at Mr. Polhill's invitation, conducting a Revival and Healing Campaign in Horbury Chapel, London, which holds about twelve hundred people. God was mightily blessing and the place was packed with eager crowds night after night.

One day my brother went to Horbury Chapel, accompanied by the students of the Bible School. He confesses to being in a very depressed frame of mind. The thought gripped him that he was doing nothing for God and it appeared to him unlikely that he would ever accomplish anything. It is possible that he was contrasting his un-sensational task of instructing students with the spectacular evangelism which was drawing the multitudes. In this melancholy state he entered the great revival meeting. Everybody around him seemed to be on the mountain top, but he himself was in the deepest shadows of gloom.

Now he tells us what happened while he sat listening to others shouting their 'Hallelujahs' and praising God as the Spirit of the Lord rested upon the ministry of the evangelist—

"I received a precious word from the Lord which came as a streak of light across a dark sky; it brought to me a wealth of comfort and cheer and helped me to rise out of the gloom. Then I settled down again and forgot about it. At the close of the meeting I remembered receiving a lovely thought but I could not recall the words. I had, however, written the message down on the frontispiece of my Bible, never to be erased. These are the words: let ML NEVER LOSE THE ALL-IMPORTANT TRUTH THAT TO BE IN THY WILL IS BETTER THAN SUCCESS, AND GRANT THAT I MAY EVER LOVE THYSELF MORE THAN THY SERVICE.

"This message has been a guiding star to me. I have adopted it as a motto for my life and it has blessed the lives of others, I would say to my younger brethren particularly, 'Don't seek for success, don't seek for anything outside the perfect, absolute will of God.' "

These words were adopted as the official motto of the Hampstead Bible School and they have circled the world. They have been

quoted again and again and printed on bookmarks, and it is safe to say they have acted as an inspiration to the lives and ministry of many thousands of God's servants.

At first, the bulk of the teaching fell upon my brother's shoulders as there were very few tutors. He asked the writer to join him on the staff although I had done nothing like this before. I was then living with my parents in the south-east of the city and would take the long journey across London to Hampstead to assist in whatever way I could. In the beginning our two names only figured in the school advertisements as being on the staff, with Howard's name as Principal and mine as Assistant. Then Rupert Thomas became associated with my brother and joined the faculty, labouring in the work until called to be a missionary to Africa.

One day I remember being at No. 12 when there was a ring at the front door. I answered and a gentleman asked if he could see the Principal. Learning that Howard was not in he said he would wait as he had come specially to see Mr. Carter. He was Cuthbert L. Parker, M.A., formerly Chaplain, Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. We learned of the remarkable guidance which had led him to sever his connection with the University and with the Church of England ministry.

Mr. Parker's father was Vicar of St. James's, Clerkenwell, London. Soon after the end of the first world war, C.L. was invited by the Bible League of London to open a Bible School for them, standing for the full verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. This began in the crypt of his father's church. Later it moved to Leicester, but in 1921 it closed through lack of finance.

After prayer, Mr. and Mrs. Parker decided to start a Bible School in their own name, and this began in a rectory in Rand, Lincolnshire, early in 1922, Elisha Thompson, who subsequently played an important part in the Hampstead School, was among the first students. A young man named Ray Stone of Derby came as a student shortly afterwards. He was Pentecostal. Soon after his arrival the class was engaged in the study of 1 Corinthians XII and

XIV. He was the only one who seemed to know much about the subject, and as time went on Mr. Parker and Mr. Thompson began to seek the baptism of the Spirit. In 1923 Mr. Parker moved the School to Oxford where it remained for about two years. He joined the staff of the Hampstead School at the end of 1924.

Mrs. Parker, at the writer's request, kindly went through her husband's diaries and has written the following: "Howard visited us at Oxford where we were pioneering a little Mission. We were penniless in those days. We had a bill for £25 rent on the mantel-piece which we removed before our visitor came. However he found out about it and gave it to us as a gift, out of his own poverty. The Hampstead School was also in dire straits at the time. He was always very generous—if not too generous. Unselfish in his outlook, he was thinking of others—his own students out in the work, and visiting them in their lonely struggles. (We were able to repay the kind gift, little by little, later.)"

Mrs. Parker recalls their first Pentecostal meeting in the following terms, "Cuthbert and I went to Boone Street, Lee, London, where Howard and John Carter were the pastors. It was our first Pentecostal meeting and this is what our diary recalls: 'A most wonderful morning! We heard the Lord speaking at Howard Carter's assembly, he himself interpreting. Today is an epoch. This was our first taste of the real thing and I am glad Howard introduced us to it. Actually we took the wrong underground train back to the City, we were so shattered—so ecstatically and happily shattered.'

The following description of Mr. Parker is written by Howard, and is taken from a Foreword he wrote to Mr. Parker's book, "The Mystery of God"—

"C.L. was a choice soul and the possessor of a clear intellect. His penetrating thoughts flashed with lightning speed from an agile brain. Those students who were privileged to sit before him in the lecture room will never forget his dynamic presentation of the truth.

"To know him was to love him. His earnestness in proclaiming the glories of God's Word was not the zeal of an austere man,

concerned mainly about ecclesiastical dignity, but rather that of a vehement soul pouring forth the sacred truth. Far from being a cloistered monk, C.L. was a volcano pouring out streams of molten lava. His keen sense of buoyant humour freed him from sanctimoniousness without destroying his earnestness."

Elisha Thompson left Mr. Parker's School in 1924 with the thought of entering some kind of Christian work but he discovered that various societies, who had wanted him before, now rejected him on learning that he was seeking the baptism in the Spirit. He made application to the Congo Evangelistic Mission and was asked to have a medical examination. The doctor informed him that no Congo Government would allow him into the country, that no missionary society would think of accepting him, and if by any miracle he did enter the Congo, he would leave his whitened bones there within six months. Pressed for his reasons, the doctor informed him that his kidneys were in such a bad state that medical science could, do-nothing for him. When Mr. Thompson mentioned divine healing, the doctor said, "If you are ever healed, it will be a miracle indeed."

Every door being closed, he went back to the mine and to the Church of England. His Vicar, learning that he was seeking the baptism of the Spirit, made him promise that he would not open a meeting in opposition to the church. Then the Vicar asked him to take over the Sunday School, Children's meetings, Youth meetings, prayer and open-air meetings. In the course of a few years, he and many others were baptised in the Spirit.

He usually managed to visit Hampstead School for a few days twice each year, and quite often took a party to Kingsway Hall for the day's Convention. He took up residence in the School at Easter 1931 and remained on the teaching staff right on until the School was transferred to Kenley, leaving finally in 1970.

The writer asked him if he could remember some of the experiences of students at Hampstead, as they were taught to look to the Lord for personal needs. He recalls that one student, needing to get back to the School, required one penny. He prayed in the street and upon

opening his eyes saw what he needed lying in the gutter. Another student, sent out on ministry, found to his astonishment that the place was some distance from London. He had only a few pence in his pocket, but told how the Lord met his need in a wonderful way.

Each month there was a Day of Prayer at the School, with partial fasting when the meals consisted of bread and cheese, in which the Principal and staff shared. A day of prayer was always called if there was a special need. It was also a rule that no one was to let others know if they had a personal need; it was between themselves and the Lord.

As we have mentioned before the extensive Hampstead Heath was only a stone's throw from the school premises, just across the road. The students had to go out on the Heath; and look for illustrations. This was to teach them to observe spiritual lessons in nature and in anything out of the ordinary which could be used for illustrations in preaching.

Mrs. Parker recalls the following: "We had marvellous Saturday mornings at the Hampstead School, when Howard took 'Descriptive Delivery' and everyone went in. Harold Horton and he sat at the end of the table. A hat was passed round with a Bible Reading on one slip—the one who received it had to read the passage, and the one who got 'Description' on it had to launch at once into a colourful description. How we enjoyed this! I remember Nellie Soanes (a tiny student, quiet and unassuming) being surprisingly good at this. Another time Hubert Entwistle, who was always lively and ready for any prank, got wind that the passage was to be 2 Samuel 21:8-10 (Rizpah) and hid the dinner gong from the hall under the table, and struck it well and heartily at the appropriate moment."

There was an occasion when we received a visit from that well-known Bible teacher and writer D. M. Panton. He informed us that the purpose of his visit to No. 12 was "to try the spirits". He was invited inside and in the room were gathered Howard, C. L. Parker, the writer and Mr. Panton. First of all our visitor told us how necessary it was in these days to apply a scriptural test to those who

professed to speak in other tongues by the power of the Spirit, and he directed our attention to 1 Corinthians 12:2, 3 and 1 John 4:1-3. We agreed with him up to this point. He proceeded to tell us that he went to a meeting where, during prayer time, he heard a woman near him speaking in tongues. He said—

“I went up quietly to where she was kneeling and said in her ear, ‘Is Jesus Christ Lord?’ As there was no reply to my question, I asked again, ‘Is Jesus Christ Lord?’ She then replied saying, ‘Yes, yes, yes’. This convinced me that she had a wrong spirit because she said ‘Yes’ three times, and we have no record in scripture of an answer being given three times in this way.” We mentally decided that when Mr. Panton questioned each of us, we would answer ‘Yes’ but once.

However, Mr. Panton did not proceed to engage us in prayer but questioned us as to whether we agreed with the way he had applied the test to the woman. We said that we did not agree to such an isolated test, seeing that even demons acknowledged publicly the deity of Christ (e.g. Luke 4 :34, 41) and felt the confession should be a continuous one of life and testimony. When Mr. Pantou heard that we did not agree with his interpretation of the scripture he said there was no purpose in proceeding with the test in regard to ourselves. We had a time of prayer together and we spoke in tongues, but he did not apply the test to any of us, and took his departure.

The Principal had a real love for the students and this is reflected in an article he wrote for the ‘Review’ entitled ‘What I want to see’.

“I have seen hundreds of students pass through the school since I have been in charge, and everyone seems to become a part of my life. It is hard to estimate the privilege which is mine of teaching young men and women the unsearchable treasures of the Bible. They represent the choicest of Pentecostal assemblies.

“As I have looked upon them, I have wondered what the future of each one will be. As I muse, the fire burns! Perhaps one of these bright young men will be transfigured into a veritable ‘Paul’ as grace develops and character is formed, and the mighty Spirit clothes the

trembling frame. Perhaps a 'Finney' will arise, or a 'Wesley' or 'Whitfield' from this very study room. Who can tell the possibility of a school of spiritual men? As I take the classes I can feel, as it were, the fire that burns upon the altar within their hearts. They radiate it! When they pray, the flame is felt in their words! When they preach, the chilly atmosphere changes! They glow with a glory which God has infused.

"I love to see the power of the Spirit increasing within their hearts, faith becoming more settled, vision more clear. When one whispers that his prayers have been answered for some special need my soul rejoices. When a student feels that the Lord would have him deny himself in order to help another my spirit leaps for joy. I want to see growth in grace, thirst for truth, love for souls, sacrifice in life, cross-bearing, faith, joy, and the glory of God sought above everything else.

"Oh, that God would give some visions like Ezekiel, or prophecies like Isaiah of old, that there may be service like Nehemiah's, a sacrifice like Abraham's, that patience might develop like Job's, and meekness like that of Moses. I want to see these people pass through suffering like Joseph, and ultimately be exalted like him. I want to see prayers uttered that will bring down fire, if needs be, and rain in time of drought; to see some Joshua lead a multitude from a wilderness into a land of promise.

"How I love to teach them the Word of God and live with them, and pray with them for blessing. They become part of my life, they seem to be wrapped up in my own experience. I am interested in their trials, I pray for them individually. I exhort, reprove, rebuke, console, rejoice with them; mourn, laugh, weep with them, and enter into their difficulties to a remarkable extent.

"They are mine! God has given them to me—and not to me only, but to all them who labour with me in this delightful and glorious work of extending the kingdom and preparing these young people for the ministry. I shall never feel grateful enough to the Lord for the privilege of teaching in the School. Students have passed through

the School and are out in service. I am seeing their zeal and faith and devotion. They are standing firm while many are wavering. They cannot be enticed to leave their own small sphere of service for filthy lucre, to enter upon 'another man's line of thing made ready to their hand'. They are going to build for themselves. The work may be hard and results not encouraging, but they are determined to press on. And these are the men I am looking to for the future strength of the work; and I shall not be disappointed!"

Toward the close of 1923, there was a visitor to No. 12 who had come all the way from South Africa with one thought uppermost in his mind. He was Archibald Cooper from Durban, and he desired to unite the many independent Pentecostal assemblies in Britain into a spiritual fellowship. With the exception of the assemblies comprising the Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance there was little co-operation between the various meetings which had come into existence all over the country since the outpouring at Sunderland. Two 'Unity' Conferences had been held, at Sheffield and Swanwick Hayes but these had proved abortive.

Mr. Cooper came first of all to Hampstead because he felt that if he could influence the Principal of the Bible School to his way of thinking he would achieve his objective. But at that time Howard and the writer were fanatically opposed to any form of what might be called denominationalism. We had been led to believe that organisation of any kind would lead only to central government and our spiritual freedom would be imperilled. Our dear brother went away feeling that his mission had been a failure as far as we were concerned.

Nevertheless he did not give up. He proceeded to get into touch with John Nelson Parr about the vision and Thomas Myerscough was also consulted. The latter, a local estate agent in Preston, had received the baptism in the Spirit at Sunderland in 1909, and for a time the P.M.U. Bible School had been placed in his charge at Preston.



It was learned that the Pentecostal assemblies in South Wales were at this time proposing to make application to America for recognition as a Welsh District Council of the American Assemblies of God. The result of Mr. Cooper's contact was that soon afterwards a circular letter was sent out by Mr. Parr inviting certain leaders to a Conference to be held in Birmingham on February 1st 1924.

One of these circulars arrived at No. 12, with the result that the two of us travelled to Birmingham, our home city, the day before the proposed meeting. At this point the writer proposes to leave further consideration of this momentous Conference, as he feels it demands a separate chapter to deal with the formation of the fellowship known as 'Assemblies of God in Great Britain and Ireland.'

In January 1925 both of us were invited to become members of the Missionary Council of the Pentecostal Missionary Union, and we were happy to accept, serving on it until it was merged with the Home Missionary Reference Council of Assemblies of God. To the writer, this was the beginning of forty years' membership of the Missionary Council, first with the P.M.U. and then with A.O.G.

In August 1925 we accepted an invitation to visit certain assemblies in Switzerland. We had never been to that beautiful country before, although our father had kindly promised on one occasion to pay all our expenses if we would go, but at that time we considered ourselves too busily engaged in the Lord's work to accept his kind offer.

We preached at Vevey, Berne, Wadenswil and Zurich. We had no intention of going further but a lady gave Howard some money which enabled us to cross into Italy. Because of his love of art he particularly wanted to go to Venice and see other art galleries elsewhere in the country. To conserve our slender resources we packed a quantity of food in one suitcase with our clothes in another. When, however, we arrived at Venice we were both so tired as the trains were stifling hot (it was mid-summer) and the heat prevented us sleeping, so we decided we must sleep for a night in a hotel in Venice. But it was the height of the season and we were told we

would not get a bed anywhere. I had enquired at several hotels, always with the same answer.

Then Howard, standing in the street at the foot of the hotel steps, told the Lord all about it with his characteristic simplicity of faith. He said, "Lord, we are both tired out and we must have some sleep tonight. You know where there is an empty bed in Venice. Please direct us to it." He had no sooner replaced his hat before up came a man who said, "Are you wanting a bed tonight?" "Yes," replied Howard, "two beds. That is my brother coming down the hotel steps." As I came on the scene Howard said, "This gentleman is going to take us to a hotel where he is staying and where there are vacant beds."

I confess to having some qualms on the subject, especially when our guide took us into some back streets, but Howard said, "It will be alright, I've prayed about the matter." We were taken to a small hotel, and sure enough there was a fine room with two single beds, everything spotlessly clean and most inviting. The charge for bed and breakfast was only four shillings each! I mention this Continental trip merely to give another instance of that child-like faith that was so intrinsically a part of my brother's life.

## **Chapter 7, The New Fellowship An Amazing Prediction**

On that historic day, 1st February 1924, the preliminary meeting was held of the leaders of Pentecostal meetings who were signatories to circular No. 1 sent out by John Nelson Parr. Birmingham having been chosen as the most central place for meeting together, it was held in the small upper room situate over the front of the garage owned by Brother H. Roe, the address being 12 and 14 Whitehead Road, Aston, Birmingham. Mr. Roe had furnished this small room over his garage for Pentecostal meetings, of which he was the leader. We knew him very well, as this dear brother had been an elder in the assembly we had opened ten years before in Duddeston.

In this insignificant room was born the fellowship known as Assemblies of God in this country. The signatories to that first circular were: R. C. Bell (Hampstead), C. Buckley (Chesterfield), Howard Carter (Bible School). John Carter (Lee), Mrs. Cantell (Highbury), John Douglas (Stratford), T. L. Hicks (Crosskeys), A. Inman (Mansfield Woodhouse), E. W. Moser (Southsea), Thos. Myerscough (Preston—absent through illness), John Parr (Stockport), Fred Watson (Blackburn), A. Watkinson (York). Donald Gee was also present, but did not feel free at that time to become one of the signatories. At the time of writing this biography (1971) all but two of the original thirteen foundation members are now deceased, viz. John Parr and John Carter.

The South Wales group of assemblies was represented by T. L. Hicks and they agreed to affiliate their thirty-four assemblies with the newly-formed Fellowship at the next meeting, which was to be held in London. At that first preliminary meeting, Brother Parr announced that twenty-six meetings had come into fellowship, including the Hampstead Bible School.

It was inevitable that fears would have to be allayed as to any form of denominational organisation and an assurance given that there would be no infringement of local church government. All were

adamant that the autonomy of the local assembly should be safeguarded. The following declaration was unanimously passed by the meeting—

“This meeting of signatories to circular No. 1 . . . resolves that we do not intend identifying ourselves as, or establishing ourselves into a sect, that is a human organisation, with centralised legislative power . . . nor do we intend depriving any assembly of its scriptural rights and privileges.

“We do, however, recognise the need and recommend the adoption of scriptural methods and order for worship, unity, fellowship, work and business for God. . . .”

It was decided to adopt the Scriptural name of ‘Assemblies of God’ and to unite in publishing an official organ. My brother suggested that the name of the new periodical might be ‘Redemption Tidings’ and this found general satisfaction. Mr. Parr was elected chairman of the meeting and also editor of the new magazine, which made its appearance in July 1924 as a quarterly. The meeting also drew up a Statement of Fundamental Truths ‘as a basis of unity for a full gospel ministry’.

Another instance of Howard’s simplicity of faith can be given. When it was decided to publish the new paper, Howard said he knew a skilled designer in the city, a friend named Will Byrchmore, and he would get him to submit a good design for the first issue. Arrangements had been made that both of us should return to London in the afternoon and my brother thought it would take but a short time to contact Mr. Byrchmore and explain what was wanted, but calling at the office he was informed that he was out at lunch. When Howard enquired which restaurant Mr. Byrchmore went to, he was told that he did not keep to any one regularly but went to different ones.

Howard wandered about for some time and then thought, ‘The Lord knows where Will Byrchmore is and He can bring him to me right here.’ So my brother stood on the corner of a street, prayed, and took out his watch to see how long it would take the Lord to bring his

friend to him at that spot. After eighteen minutes, up came the gentleman in question who said, "I am surprised to see you here in Birmingham. What are you doing here?" Howard's reply was, "Waiting for you. It has taken the Lord eighteen minutes to bring you here to me." The audacity of expecting the Lord in a city of a million people, to direct the footsteps of one certain individual to a certain spot to meet a certain brother!

At the inaugural meeting in Birmingham a second Conference was planned, and this was held in London at 73 Highbury New Park on May 8th and 9th 1924. A general invitation was extended to all pastors to attend, and about eighty leaders were present. In sending out the invitation to this second meeting Brother Parr wrote, "Our greatest need is much prayer so that we may be saved from becoming lifeless and over-organised."

The meeting had not proceeded far before a telegram was received. It came from George Jeffreys of the Elim Alliance asking why an invitation to the meeting had not been sent to him, seeing the purpose of the meeting was to bring about unity among leaders. As soon as this was read out by our chairman, the brethren present were for sending him an immediate invitation.

My brother, however, urged caution. He pointed out to the company that we ourselves were only in the process of 'getting off the ground' and in this elemental state there was the possibility of the Elim Leader's dominant personality influencing the meeting to link up with his work. This would bring about a 'unity' that was not in the minds of the original meeting in Birmingham. He urged therefore that the Elim Principal should be invited to attend on the morrow, and we, in the next few hours, should proceed with our plan as arranged, and to elect our own Executive Presbytery. This was adopted. Seven brethren were chosen, and Howard became one of the first Executive members.

The following day George Jeffreys was present, along with his General Secretary, E. J. Phillips. Our visiting brethren recognised that Assemblies of God was now a coordinated group of about eighty

assemblies in fellowship. Various proposals were made to bring the two groups together when, from Mr. Phillips, came the startling suggestion that the Elim Movement might become the evangelising section of Assemblies of God, operating under the leadership of Mr. Jeffreys. This breath-taking proposal opened up great possibilities for a united advance, but Mr. Jeffreys expressed the need of caution that whereas their work was now well-established (having been ten years in existence), our work had only just come into being, and if the union proved disastrous it might result in chaos for both parties. He pleaded that greater consideration and time be given to this important matter.

It was therefore decided to leave the suggestion in abeyance for twelve months and then for the Elim ministers to meet and make their own decision whether to unite with us. Twelve months later, when the proposal was placed before the body of Elim ministers met in conference, they decided against the union and the two groups went their respective ways.

John Parr was confirmed as chairman and secretary of the new Fellowship as well as editor of the magazine, whilst at the same time he was following his secular employment. It became inevitable that with these combined offices in a fast-growing Fellowship, coupled with his oversight of a Pentecostal assembly, he would ultimately find the burden unbearable. The strain upon him in fact became more acute after a very successful campaign in Manchester by Stephen Jeffreys, resulting in a large assembly shepherded by Mr. Parr. The General Conference decided upon the election of an assistant-chairman who would particularly help the chairman in visiting the assemblies. The General Presbytery (as it was then named) elected Howard Carter as assistant-chairman.

Our readers will now learn that what happened in Howard's appointment first as vice-chairman in 1929, and then as chairman at the 1934 Conference, was an amazing fulfilment of prophecy. My brother had received a personal word from the Lord in 1928 that he could not understand at the time but was subsequently made plain.

Let our esteemed brother Donald Gee relate the remarkable turn of events which he embodied in a descriptive account that appeared in 'Redemption Tidings' dated June 1st 1934. At that time he and I were joint-editors of our official organ, and so it was possible for the story to be printed in the issue immediately following the Conference. Under the bold heading 'are spiritual gifts real?

REMARKABLE CONFIRMATION AT WHITSUNTIDE CONFERENCE' he penned the following Editorial—

"A full account of the very blessed Whitsuntide Convention and General Presbytery Conference of Assemblies of God, held in London, will have to be postponed to our next issues; but one incident was of such outstanding interest in connection with our distinctive testimony to the reality of the gifts of the Spirit for today that we feel constrained to refer to it without delay.

"It had to do with the appointment of our beloved brother, Mr. Howard Carter as chairman of Assemblies of God in Great Britain and Ireland. After the Conference had accepted the request of the other nominees that their names might be withdrawn, and Mr. Howard Carter was thus left as the unanimous choice of the Conference as the new chairman, our brother told the Presbytery, with deep emotion, how their choice fulfilled a prophetic utterance given to him by the Holy Spirit exactly six years previously.

"On May 24th 1928 Mr. Carter had the following prophecy given to him while in prayer, 'Mark the day, for the blessing shall come, and thou shalt be astonished. As the opening of a book, as the turning over of a leaf, so shall this purpose of the Lord be revealed, even that part which thou hast not seen.'

"Mr. Carter marked the day—May 24th. On that very day the following year, May 24th 1929, he was elected vice-chairman of Assemblies of God; while on exactly the same day, May 24th 1934, he was chosen as chairman. It is surely justifiable to see something more than a mere coincidence in these things. 'Despise not prophesyings' (1 Thess. 5:20).

“It is also worth noting that just before the decision was made by the Presbytery, the suggestion was made by the writer (i.e. by Mr. Gee), who was completely ignorant of the prophecy, that as the day was drawing to a close and our minds might be tired, the choice of the new chairman should be left till the next morning. This suggestion was, however, over-ruled by the Conference, and the decision being made that same afternoon literally fulfilled the prediction. When Mr. Howard Carter related the facts, they made a deep impression upon all present.

“The great enemy of all truth has been fighting hard to drive the Lord’s people once again into quenching the Spirit where the manifestation of His gifts is concerned. In the beginning of the Pentecostal Revival, the favourite weapon was unbelief based on traditions of men. Once the victory was won there, and Spirit-filled believers began freely to exercise spiritual gifts, the enemy largely changed his tactics, and has since sought to scare even Pentecostal believers away from any really practical benefit from the gifts of the Spirit by frightening them with regrettable cases of fanaticism and error.

“One weapon with which to conquer in this great fight is the Word of God. Sound Bible teaching concerning spiritual gifts is of vital importance and the writer (i.e. Mr. Gee) was deeply gratified by a testimony given when he was Bible teaching in South Africa recently that sound exposition of the Scriptures had ‘restored confidence in the gifts of the Spirit.’

“But another weapon that is equally necessary is the word of testimony to actual experience of the prophetic word given today being proved and reliable. It is for this reason, to the glory alone of the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift, that we are happy to pass on for the encouragement of our readers, this further signal instance that the true is still amongst us where the gifts of the Spirit are concerned.”

When my brother related the prophecy and its fulfilment to the Conference he added these words, “The Lord told me that I should



be chairman, and the fact that you have just elected me is of God. Nobody else knew of this —it was simply between the Lord and myself—and I would never have prophesied again had I been wrong.”

Several years later, in June 1945, Howard wrote me that during a season of prayer he had made an interesting discovery about this prediction. As already mentioned, he received the prophecy about the opening of a book and the turning over of a leaf on May 24th 1928. On the 24th May 1929 he was elected vice-chairman (the book opened), and on May 24th 1934 he was elected chairman (the leaf turned). Our annual Conferences were always held at Whitsuntide, and Whitsuntide was a changeable calendar date, so that the dates of our conferences varied accordingly. Howard discovered that the 24th (the day he was to mark) came at Whitsuntide in those two years only—1929 and 1934. Between those years 1929 and 1934 our conference week did not include the 24th May, so that it had to be the year 1934 that the ‘leaf’ turned over. Truly the ways of the Lord are wonderful! Nor during the eleven years that he was in office as chairman did he ever fail to secure the two-thirds majority in the voting. It was in 1945 that he ceased to be chairman of the Fellowship.

He faced his responsibilities as chairman with his customary conscientiousness. He let it be known that he was prepared to visit every assembly that wanted him, whether large or small made no difference. He possessed no motor-car but went about the country by every posable means of transport, carrying heavy suit-cases with him, and sleeping in an endless variety of beds. The pastors especially were glad to see him and to share with him their many problems. Many of them had been former students at Hampstead and they looked upon him with affection.

The Lord used him especially in helping seekers into the baptism of the Spirit, and some who had waited for the experience many years were made to rejoice that under his ministry their longing hearts were satisfied.

Howard had a love for statistics, and he was able to tell how many different beds he had slept in, how many miles he had travelled, the total of sermons he had preached, and the number of decisions for Christ or baptisms in the Spirit he had witnessed. He loved walking and wore a pedometer, so that he could record the number of miles he had walked. I remember asking him facetiously if he could tell me how many breaths he had drawn during the past twelve months!

Two years after Howard had been elected chairman I became general secretary of the Fellowship. This meant that for most of the years he took the chair at the Annual General Conferences, I was at his side, to assist him in every possible way. It was surely unusual that two brothers in the flesh should be filling these two important offices together. At that time the chairman continued in office right through the year, whereas now, at the time of writing, a chairman is elected to serve for the week of the Conference only and there is no chairman in the interim.

At Whitsuntide 1926 the third Annual Convention of the Fellowship was held in Kingsway Hall. There were some fears about the considerable financial outlay that would be involved in engaging this great hall in the heart of London for four complete days. Howard, with his remarkable faith volunteered personally to take upon his shoulders the entire financial responsibility—about £300—in the confident faith that the Lord would provide. Praise God, the expenses were completely covered. He convened all the meetings, three per day.

In reporting the meetings in our magazine Donald Gee wrote as follows, “The convention was a mighty triumph, for in every way it proved to be the greatest and best ever held in Kingsway. The numbers must have hovered around two thousand (the Press said three thousand). There were some special and definite testimonies to healing given from the platform that greatly glorified God. Outstanding among these was that of Mr. H. Horton, a teacher of elocution and now on the staff of the Bible School, who the year previously was happily saved from the delusions of Christian Science and then healed by the living Christ from a rupture of two

years' standing. There were remarkable testimonies from those healed during Stephen Jeffreys' campaigns around London, the dumb speaking and cancers cast out. There is a rising tide of Pentecostal blessing on every hand." It was learned that at least one hundred were baptised in the Spirit during the Convention.

In 1930 it was decided by the Conference to form a Trust Fund of Assemblies of God and a Trust Deed was drawn up for the purpose of receiving gifts, legacies or loans, in order to assist assemblies, by means of loans at a reasonable interest, to acquire their own meeting-places. Five esteemed brethren were appointed as a body of trustees, one of these being Howard Carter.

# Chapter 8, Testing Times

## Chastening and Encouragement

When my brother assumed the leadership of the Hampstead School, which had previously been the responsibility of the Pentecostal Missionary Union, he found himself faced with financial burdens which the P.M.U. had previously borne and for which he was now personally liable. These monetary difficulties, added to his other responsibilities, presented him with many heartaches in those early days. The income did not correspond with the expenditure and a small deficit grew until the School was twenty pounds in debt. In February 1923 he decided to make a tour of the Pentecostal assemblies in an attempt to stir up interest in the work of the School. (The fellowship of Assemblies of God had not at that time come into existence.)

The first assembly he visited listened attentively to his account of the School's activities and the transference of the P.M.U.'s responsibility to his own shoulders, and they all seemed ready to bear the burden of prayer. He refrained from mentioning the financial needs as he would not depart from the long-established principle of 'not begging'. As no reference had been made to finance he was sent away empty-handed. This was a poor beginning.

While at this first place, one morning after breakfast, Howard having retired to his room for meditation there came a great unction of the Spirit upon him. This increased and he continued upon his knees the whole morning. Then he asked to be excused from dinner as he did not wish to break the sweet communion with the Lord.

During the afternoon he received this prophecy from the Lord, "That which thou has desired thou shalt have, and even more than thou hast asked, even things which have not entered thy mind, for the work shall prosper and increase, but not in the way thou plannest, for the Lord will not work according to thy plans but in an unexpected way will the Lord work."

At that time Howard was not as experienced in the leadings of the Lord as he later became, and he has to confess to disregarding the revelation he received. The changing of his plans was not acceptable to his natural inclinations, so he decided to ignore the message and continue the tour as planned.

The following day, at the next place, two meetings had been arranged. In the afternoon he felt unwell, and for the first and only time in his ministry he collapsed in the middle of his message, struggling to finish it after the congregation had sung a hymn. Between the afternoon and evening services he went to bed, with severe pain in his head and a temperature. His condition grew worse, so that he could not endure the light of the candle held by the one who came to see him. So they blew it out and talked in darkness. The brother exhorted him to rise in faith. He said to the sick preacher, 'Just claim victory over this sickness and rise in the Name of the Lord, for the meeting tonight is an important one. I have advertised the service and the people will be coming from neighbouring towns to hear you. You have preached Divine Healing and you must now practice the truth.'

Howard struggled out of bed and attempted to dress, but the hand of the Lord was heavy upon him. He had not sufficient strength to dress so he had to lie down again. That night the meeting proceeded without him.

At nine o'clock that evening he was talking to the Lord about his physical condition. This was the first time he had ever missed through sickness an opportunity to preach, and he asked the Lord why he had not been delivered. The words of the prophecy came back to him, 'Not in the way thou plannest but in an expected way will I work, saith the Lord.'

Confessing his disobedience, he promised the Lord to discontinue the tour and return to London. Deliverance came at once! The next morning he felt as well as he had ever done in his life. He had two other appointments fixed which he felt obliged to fulfil as he had

given his word, but after them he returned to Hampstead to await the 'unexpected' deliverance promised in the message.

The workers at the School were surprised to see him return and told him of the still mounting deficit. My brother had determined not to go into debt beyond the point from which he could extricate himself, so that if the Lord did not come to their aid it would mean selling the school furniture, clearing the debts and closing down the work. He and the other workers waited for the Lord to intervene.

During this time of waiting a young bank clerk wrote asking if he might spend a week of his holidays in Bible study at Hampstead. He came and the Lord blessed him during the week of study and prayer. Upon leaving he came to settle for his board and, when told this was one pound, remarked how very little was the charge; he would give thirty shillings.

As the receipt was being written out he said he felt the Lord would have him make a gift to the School, and he wrote out a cheque for thirty pounds. It is easy to understand the joy and astonishment of all at this unexpected deliverance. The Lord had certainly fulfilled His word, and in such a remarkable manner. He had sent a young man to the school, totally unknown to any of them, had blessed him, and led him to give what they afterwards found to be the whole of his savings!

This deliverance increased their faith and they pressed on with the work. More than once study hours were changed into prayer sessions, so that a vital communion with the Lord was not overlooked in the study of the Word. Yet the number of students in the School was so few that the question was discussed more than once whether they ought to keep the school open.

During one of these times of prayer my brother received another prophecy which, while very inspiring, ended with a sentence that perplexed him. The prophecy ran, 'The work shall prosper and increase, it shall prosper exceedingly. It shall break forth on the left hand and on the right; for the Lord shall bless it exceedingly and give thee more than thou hast imagined, even things which thou hast not

conceived; for the work shall prosper abundantly until thou art laid aside, and then thou shalt be satisfied when thou art laid aside.'

Let my brother comment on this, "If only the latter-part had not been added, the prophecy would not have given me any cause for concern. How cheering was the promise—the work was to prosper exceedingly, and break forth on the left hand and on the right. What a picture of prosperity and development—'until' . . .—and here fell the shadow which caused the perplexity—'until thou art laid aside.'

"How I wished the Lord had not given that part of the prophecy. I almost refused to utter the words. My heart was rebellious. Why should I be laid aside? Why did the Lord tell me about it beforehand? The cloud which arose was encircled with a bow of promise—'thou shalt be satisfied when thou art laid aside.' Had it not been for this last sentence I might have lived and laboured under a cloud which could have brought me to despair. It will be seen that the words 'laid aside' have little resemblance to the words 'cast aside' for we lay aside that which we treasure but we cast aside that which is useless. The very thought of a laying aside restrains one from carnal ambition. The fact that there is a period of rest from service causes one to centre his love upon the Lord Himself and not upon His service. Should any vain idea ever enter the mind, it is at once checked by the thought that God can do without any one of us."

Years afterward my brother understood the latter part of the prediction for he wrote, "When my term of office as chairman came to an end (i.e. after a period of eleven years) the Lord spoke again to me and said, 'Now thou art laid aside.' I am abundantly satisfied with the goodness of the Lord."

After this somewhat dramatic interlude covering a period of great testing and yet brightened with predictions of much blessing and enlargement, we can proceed with our narrative by devoting the next chapter to the marvellous way in which, under the blessing of the Lord, the work 'broke forth on the left hand and on the right'.

In trying to understand the application of the prophecy in its reference to Howard being 'laid aside' it should be pointed out this

did not mean that he would do no more service for his Lord and Master, but appears to have been limited to his official ministry in Great Britain in connection with the fellowship of Assemblies of God.

The following article by Howard Carter appeared in 'Redemption Tidings' dated April 1st 1934 and is a message to those who, embarking like himself upon the life of faith, soon find themselves experiencing many perplexing and discouraging trials. It is headed 'The Attempt to Walk Faith's Waters' with a secondary caption 'Have you known anything of the life of faith? Or are you one of the cautious ones who stop in the boat, entertaining little sympathy for those who are encountering difficulties in their ventures upon God?' The text—'And beginning to sink'. Matt. 14:30.

"It was surely a very commendable venture that found Peter attempting to walk the water, whilst a storm raged on Galilee's lake. The other disciples remained in the boat. Peter coveted the same power that his Master possessed. He wanted to know by experience how to overcome the forces of nature and triumph over its laws in the power of the Almighty. The Lord was doing a 'new thing' and the possibility of doing the same thing as the Master made Peter cry out, 'Bid me come to Thee on the water.' The Lord, ever ready to stimulate faith in His followers, responds, 'Come', and Peter steps over the side of the boat.

"It was one of the thrilling experiences that add lustre to life and create a new chapter in the biography of a soul. The winds howl and the sea lashes itself into foam as Peter steps out to walk to the Lord. He has dared and will do it; but he looks at the boisterous waves and begins to sink.

"Let those deride the daring apostle who have never ventured in the life of faith. They have remained in the boat and will only sink when the good vessel, in which they trust, sinks. But there will always be a few who cannot see the triumphs of faith without emulating them. There will be those who cry to the Lord, 'Bid me come' and will hear His ready response 'Come', and in a daring excitement that will add nobility to their whole existence will step out of the boat.



“But trouble lies only a little ahead. Every step takes the dauntless disciple further from the boat, and therefore nearer to the danger that faith has dared to tread. Perhaps for a moment the gaze is turned from the Master, and the sight of the crested waves and the sound of the whistling winds strike terror into the soul. The life of faith and venture on the promises of the Lord ends with many a ‘Peter’ sinking in fear and crying for deliverance.

“How very many have attempted to believe the Lord in times of sickness? The Word of God is clear and the call to trust Him unmistakable, and the first step has been taken. Perhaps for months the sufferer has been lying in bed attended by the family doctor, when the vision of the Divine Healer has risen before him. He sees the Lord healing all that were sick, he hears the cry ‘Fear not, only believe.’ The promise seems to stand in clear relief, ‘I am the Lord that healeth thee.’ At last the afflicted one determines to venture upon the Word of the Lord. He steps out upon the promises. A storm rages in the soul, a thousand fears grip him. Dark waters opening like a grave are beneath. A hellish wind blows around him while evil voices of doubt make him shudder. The eyes are fastened upon the maleficent scene instead of on the promises of God, and he begins to sink.

“Why should we nearly always fail, or seem to fail at the first attempt we make in spiritual things? Are there demons in the darkness that create the storms and whose sinister breathings can be felt upon our souls, bringing fear and gloom and doubt? Are the things of God more difficult than those around us in the world? Whatever the answer, we can rest assured that the One who said ‘Come’ will be ready to deliver us when we sink. His mighty arms will be about us in a moment when we cry, and we shall hear His gentle reproof ‘Wherefore didst thou doubt?’

“Those who do the work of God along natural lines will have little sympathy with the difficulties encountered in a spiritual movement. But the Lord, by His Spirit, is calling us to venture upon His promises of provision and healing. It is our privilege to prove by experience that the power of God is superior to all the power of the enemy. If for

a moment we find our faith has failed we shall discover that the Lord is still faithful to deliver, and the very experience will serve to enrich our spiritual lives.

“Even though Peter’s attempt to walk the waters proved abortive those few steps accomplished in faith must have lived in his memory revealing, as they did, the glorious possibilities of faith, and at the same time the Lord’s faithfulness in spite of human failure.”

## **Chapter 9, Enlargement, Sion College B.S.E.S. Correspondence Courses**

Under my brother's inspiring leadership the work in connection with the Bible School now began to forge ahead with increasing momentum, and the time has come to refer to many important activities.

About this time responsibility fell upon his shoulders for the weekly gatherings at Sion College. We have earlier referred to the Friday night meetings which, in March 1909, Mr. Cecil Polhill had inaugurated in Sion College, Blackfriars, London. Those had continued through the years but the numbers gradually dwindled until only about thirty to forty people were attending.

I can remember walking with my brother one day towards Blackfriars Bridge when he said Mr. Polhill had decided to discontinue these weekly meetings, and Mr. Mundell, the P.M.U. Secretary, had approached him about continuing them. Howard asked me what did I think we ought to do about the matter. I can recall raising, with my down-to-earth reasoning, the question of the rent. I forget what his answer to me was, but, feeling the pressure of the Spirit, he took over this additional responsibility in January 1925, and he asked me if I would stand with him in this.

In a very short time, under the blessing of God, the work was going ahead by leaps and bounds. Here is a report which appeared in the School 'Review' in the autumn of 1929. "It fills our hearts with praise that this meeting at Sion College is now regularly crowded to the doors. Missionaries and speakers from all over the world address these weekly gatherings, so that one rarely knows beforehand who will be ministering the Word. Scarcely a meeting passes without souls being saved, bodies healed, and saints filled with the Holy Spirit. The students from the Hampstead Bible School are present on the platform and give their testimony each week in turn. Although the rent of this beautiful Hall is very expensive (over one thousand pounds has been paid in rent already by the School) yet the Lord

graciously supplies the need each week. Any money received at this meeting over and above the expenses of the service, is devoted to the evangelisation of the British Isles.”

Having taken personal responsibility for this meeting, my brother would have been justified in putting to his own account any surplus of the offerings, but he was extremely scrupulous about what he could regard as his personal money. He would never touch any money not specifically designated for his own use.

As an instance of this my cousin Elsie, who had the job of opening his personal correspondence, tells of an occasion when Howard was short of money for himself. An envelope had come addressed to ‘Mr. Howard Carter’ and when she opened it there was an anonymous gift of five pounds. “There,” she said, “the Lord has supplied your needs.” Howard was actually needing five pounds at that time. He asked her, “Does it state on the envelope that it is Personal?” “No,” she replied, “but it is specifically addressed to you.” “No.” he answered, “I cannot touch it. The money must be put into the general funds for the School.”

A man who later exercised an apostolic ministry in different countries was Douglas R. Scott, and he wrote in ‘Redemption Tidings’ about the supernatural guidance he and his wife received when attending a meeting in Sion College. Before beginning the great work he accomplished in France, he had received an invitation from Mile. Biolley of Le Havre to hold some special meetings in that town, and they were both looking to the Lord for confirmation of His will.

“I had not been long in the meeting when the Spirit gave me a message in tongues and the chairman Mr. Howard Carter interpreted, in these words: ‘Yes, take the step which presents itself to thee, and thou shalt see the second step clearly when the time comes, for the Lord will lead thee step by step for with Him it is one step at a time.’

“With our hearts burning within us we thanked the Lord, but imagine our surprise when a little later in the meeting a lecturer from Liverpool University got up to give his testimony, confirming what he

had heard. He had come to the meeting a saved man but with doubt as to the baptism of the Spirit and the supernatural gift of tongues; but God moved to convince him as well, for he stated that the message I had given had been in perfect Arabic, and that the interpretation given in the Spirit was exact. Thus he was convinced and we also were convinced, All glory to the Lord Jesus.”

Arising out of that remarkable confirmation of God’s call to them in Sion College, the Scotts went across the Channel to France where they engaged in an outstanding ministry of apostolic evangelism. When they arrived in Le Havre, they found thirty people in the small mission led by Mile. Biolley. God immediately began to heal in a very notable way—first a man gassed in the war, then a woman unable to move arms or legs due to chronic arthritis, then a boy dying with double pneumonia, then a girl who was having twenty-five fits a day, then a little girl on crutches.

A young man who had been converted in Mile. Biolley’s mission and had spent two years in the Hampstead Bible School, had returned to Le Havre. His name was Christoph Domoustchieff, and he opened an assembly in another part of the town, and the revival spread. When the Scotts left Le Havre there were two strong assemblies where souls were being saved unceasingly and the sick healed. Over one thousand had been baptised in water and nearly three hundred in the Holy Ghost.

From there they went to Rouen, starting with ten people at the first meeting. Soon there were nearly one hundred attending meetings several times a week. A man deaf and dumb from birth received speech and hearing after the laying-on of hands. Then a man suffering from a grave illness, the result of a sinful life, was made whole. Pierre Nicolle, the pastor, took a disused factory and the place was filled with eight hundred people.

Brother Nicolle had been a colporteur-evangelist before coming in contact with Douglas Scott. When he saw the power of God exercised by him in the healing of the sick and the casting out of demons, he sought and received a powerful baptism in the Spirit.

God gave Douglas Scott a message in tongues and interpretation that Brother Nicolle would have an abundant ministry. When the Scotts left Rouen there were two hundred baptised in water and over seventy-five in the Holy Spirit.

In response to some brothers who cycled to Rouen from Elboeuf asking for meetings in that town, the Scotts went and in thirteen days there were over seven hundred people gathered.

The Lord led Brother Domoustchieff to leave Calais and go to Paris, where he founded an assembly at Argenteuil, with about three hundred people in the gospel meetings.

About the same time the Scotts conducted two or three meetings in the communistic suburb of the capital, called the 'Moscow' of Paris, and they had the joy of seeing about two hundred and fifty people gather to hear God's Word in a cinema. They came mainly through seeing a mighty miracle of healing performed.

Assembly after assembly was established in that Catholic country through the apostolic labours of Mr. and Mrs. D. Scott.

Reporting later about their activities, Brother Scott spoke of the way the work was spreading in Normandy, especially at Lisieux, where there were special miracles and healings. In seven meetings he held there from four hundred to six hundred people attended. A child born blind received sight in both eyes; a deaf and dumb child could both hear and speak. A woman who had a short leg found, after being prayed for, that it had grown at least two inches in one night. Many cases of cancer were healed. He adds, 'Thus the Lord confirmed a message given at Bloomsbury Chapel, London, when my wife gave her testimony to the Lord's healing power in France. Through the gifts He said that in places where idolatry and superstition are, He would stretch forth His hand to do great and mighty things.'



**Howard Carter and Lester Sumrall when they met in 1934**



## Howard Carter and Douglas Scott



## Conference of the Bible School Evangelistic Society at Louth. 1933



The Student body at Kenley and some of the staff.  
Howard is seated between his brother (Principal)  
and his wife Ruth (Matron)





**Taken in Middle Life**



**Howard and Ruth Carter**

Reverting to the meetings in Sion College, I remember one occasion when, on counting the collection, I saw to my amazement a roll of notes inside one collecting bag to the value of three hundred pounds. In front of the reading desk my brother had a text displayed continually containing the words 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

There was a time when Mother was seriously ill with dropsy. Her legs were badly swollen so that her boots could not be laced up properly. Her stomach was swollen right up to her chest, and her clothes had to be let out and fastened with pins. When the Doctor asked my cousin, 'Do you sleep with your Aunt?' and learned that she did, he replied, 'You should not do so, she may die at any moment.'

One Friday evening Mother said, 'Elsie, take me to Sion College.' My cousin argued that she could not stand the journey in her condition and sought to dissuade her, but she said, 'Order a taxi and take me there.' In the meeting Mother sat near the front and people were gazing at her, she looked so terribly ill. It happened that Stephen Jeffreys was there and after preaching he invited any who were ill to come to the front for healing. They practically had to carry Mother forward and the evangelist prayed for her. After the meeting Mother declared she was going home by bus and not by taxi, because she believed God had touched her. On the bus homewards she told her niece to lace up her boots—her legs were normal. Then she asked her to tighten her skirt as the swelling had gone from her stomach. The Lord had healed her of dropsy.

As the writer moves about the country after these many years, people frequently refer to the wonderful blessings they received at Sion College.

For about twenty years these Friday night meetings were continued, but when the second World War began the numbers started to lessen. What with the bombing, and the difficulty of the black-out, the meetings were held only once a month and that was near the time of the full moon. As the war proceeded there was no fuel for heating the building. There were some bitterly cold winters but still the people came.

One night, when Elisha Thompson was in the chair, and a raid was in progress, the caretaker said the meeting must be closed because of the danger of having so many people together during the raid. He agreed to do so if the raid did not end within ten minutes. The raid terminated in about six minutes, so the meeting carried on to its normal time.

Mr. Thompson took the chair for the last meeting in Sion College, as we were informed we could not have the use of the building any more, it had been taken over for other purposes. An attempt was made to continue elsewhere but with little success.

We now turn our attention to the Bible School itself. Under the blessing of the Lord the premises at No. 12 were becoming too small to accommodate the students and faculty members whom God was now bringing to the School. A report in 'Redemption Tidings' toward the close of 1925 contains the following inspiring news: "Since the term opened on September 7th the staff and students number more than forty. Looking back upon the three terms of this year we have registered seventeen English students, four Scotch, three Irish, two Welsh, one Norwegian, one Swedish, three Danish, six Swiss, one Polish, one American. During some of the all-days of prayer the Lord has been pleased to bestow gifts of prophecy and interpretation of tongues upon many of the students."

: Notwithstanding the manifest blessing of the Lord the work continued to experience severe testing times along the line of faith, which served to drive the occupants of the School to their knees in earnest prayer and supplication. Let my brother tell in his own words a very remarkable prophecy he received from the Lord during one of these occasions when they were hard-pressed for money—

"In 1926 we were in financial difficulty, but we had decided not to make our needs known to man. The Word says 'My God shall supply all your need', so we decided to look to Him Who made the promise. Because of money shortage we were in great difficulty and very perplexed. The bank manager had threatened to call in an overdraft unless some hundreds of pounds were immediately placed in our

account. I could not think from whence help could come except from Heaven.

“I said to the students, ‘Let us pray.’ That morning we all got down upon our knees in the school study and prayed. Within three hours six hundred pounds had been marvellously provided, which I took to the bank.

However, there is a more wonderful side to this matter. before the money came the Lord spoke saying, ‘Not only this time, but in every time of difficulty will I deliver thee.’ Those who have worked with me can testify that I have had plenty of difficulties but there have been just as many divine deliverances. In every time of financial difficulty God has delivered me.”

Howard’s attitude towards money is well-known to those who have laboured with him. Here are his own words, contained in a Conference message which he particularly addressed to young men and women—

“H I began my ministry again I would adopt the same attitude towards money as I took in the beginning of my service for Christ, for I have never regretted the fact that on no occasion have I solicited money. If nothing has been given me for my ministry I have not begged, but I have looked to the Lord to supply in some other way, and God has never failed me. I have been in difficulties and could tell you some interesting experiences. The one who has never asked for money has doubtless received more than any other man in this British work. Large sums of money have passed through my hands. God has entrusted me with money and my hands are clean regarding it. I have never used it except for His kingdom. If you take my advice and use money aright and if, above all you refrain from coveting money, God will never fail you respecting it.”

With the growth of the work, the Principal began to feel the time had come to consider the possibility of erecting premises specially designed for the needs of the work or of purchasing larger property for adaptation, and as the neighbourhood in which the School was situated was a residential area it appeared necessary to look further

afield. If a building was to be erected my brother felt it would be good to see the lay-out of other Pentecostal schools. It was with this thought in mind that the two of us sailed across the Atlantic to view the schools in the United States.

We left Southampton on the Carmania on July 24th 1926, arriving at New York on August 1st. We stayed for a few days in Philadelphia with Ernest Williams and his wife. He was at that time the pastor of Highway Tabernacle, later becoming general superintendent of Assemblies of God. From there we went to Newark, New Jersey and the Bethel Bible School. After ministering in Robert Brown's Church in New York we stayed at Beulah Heights Bible School, North Bergen. Following ten days' ministry at Pittsburgh Camp Meeting we went on to Springfield, Mo. to view the headquarters' Bible School. Then on by train to Los Angeles seeing the Angelus Temple School, and finally to Glad Tidings, San Francisco, arriving back on September 28th.

During this time, while we were away from England touring America, the greatest blow was struck at the work in the form of a false accusation which was circulated around the country. This was a very dark cloud, calculated to wreck the whole work, but God vindicated His servant and the Lord's business went forward with an increased impetus.

Upon our return several properties were investigated but when nothing suitable was found, we concluded it was not the Lord's will at that time to remove from No. 12. But what was to be done to provide the extra accommodation needed? In the early part of 1928 a large house at the top of the road became vacant and was offered for sale. This was only three minutes' walk from 'Pentecost'. Another step of faith had to be taken. The Lord enabled my brother to acquire this property—No. 87 South Hill Park—for the sum of one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds as an annexe to the School. For convenience sake we will refer to this extension as 'No. 87'.

We now turn to the launching of the Bible School Evangelistic Society. In his desire to secure openings for the increasing number

of young men and women who had been trained in the School, Howard suggested to me one day that I might engage in pioneer evangelism.

I began with a campaign in Victory Hall, Grimsby, in the early part of 1926. The next pioneer effort was at Westcliff-on-Sea, followed by one in Louth, Lincolnshire. From there to Spalding and Market Rasen, then over the sea to the Isle of Man where I held campaign meetings in Douglas, and on to Scarborough and Farnborough in the same year. Chapeltown came next on the list of pioneer efforts, followed by Attercliffe (Sheffield), Wolverhampton and Rotherham. Then after my marriage in 1928 my wife and I went to Retford and Liverpool (Salem).

These efforts led to the inauguration of the 'B.S.E.S.' which any pastor or evangelist might join. The Society began in July 1926 with only nineteen members but increased rapidly. As halls were difficult to rent my brother conceived the idea of acquiring empty church buildings by purchase, and installing in these properties the campaign converts with all interested people. He would charge a reasonable rent, and the money derived from the rentals was earmarked for the purpose of acquiring other buildings.

Unfortunately it became evident that his good intentions were not fully understood, and the writer of this biography, who was the editor of the School Review was asked to publish in the magazine in 1929 a statement containing the following excerpts—

"It is feared that in the minds of some of our brethren there exists a slight misunderstanding regarding the aim and purpose of the B.S.E.S. There is a feeling that the Society is engaged in forming an organisation separate and distinct from Assemblies of God and opposed to its principles.

"The B.S.E.S. is not working in opposition to their brethren nor is it a competitive work. The relationship of the Society to Assemblies of God can well be described as 'a wheel working within a wheel' for it is but a part of the whole.

“The principles of the B.S.E.S are those of Assemblies of God, and all our evangelists and pastors must subscribe to A.O.G. Fundamentals. Each assembly of the Society becomes one of Assemblies of God. The question is raised as to why the Society keeps its hold upon some of the assemblies which they have established, seeing 't is an A.O.G. principle that each local assembly shall be quite independent and free to conduct its own congregational affairs.

“In helping a struggling assembly to find its feet or in establishing a new centre by means of a campaign, it often necessitates an outlay of money being made by the Society. In some cases where a hall cannot be rented, or it is considered more advantageous to purchase a building, an empty church has been acquired. This has involved an expenditure of hundreds of pounds or the Society has pledged itself to provide the purchase money within a given period. It will be easily understood how necessary it is for the Society to keep a hold upon the assembly until these liabilities have been met. As soon as an assembly has discharged its' financial obligations; it is perfectly free to sever<sup>1</sup> all its connections with the School if: so desired, leaving them free to appoint local trustees.”

Let us tell the story of how a young Irish woman went under the auspices of the B.S.E.S. to pioneer an assembly in a town which led to the local Baptist minister receiving the Holy Spirit and becoming a minister of Assemblies of God.

In 1927 Miss Wylie entered the Hampstead Bible School as a student. During the summer recess the Principal asked her to go to Lincolnshire to assist in a new assembly recently opened by the writer. Whilst in Lincolnshire she was invited to commence a work in Boston. “I didn’t know anyone in Boston,” she said. “It was pioneer work indeed, and I had no promise of financial support. Before commencing the meetings I moved into the town and did door-to-door visitation. I held an open-air meeting every evening before taking the indoor service, and after two weeks there were forty adults in the Sunday evening service.”

The minister of the Boston Baptist Church, Stuart Snoxell, saw Miss Wylie in the open-air and asked her who she was and what she believed. He began to get interested and came along to the place where she was staying. My brother paid a visit to Boston and stayed overnight at the Baptist Manse. First Mrs. Snoxell received the baptism and spoke in tongues and then her husband received a mighty baptism. Later he became an Assemblies of God minister. This report gives the reader an idea of the zeal and vision that inspired Hampstead students to attempt something for God under the influence of their leader.

Another extension of the Hampstead work was the opening of a Bible School for women students at Louth, Lincolnshire. Whilst pioneering the Pentecostal work in (his town in March 1927 the writer was told of a large house—36 Bridge Street. One room was occupied as an office by the local Income Tax officer, but all the rest of the building was vacant. Because of the one room being reserved, the house was offered at a very reasonable rent. On learning of this my brother wrote and instructed me to take the place and to furnish the rooms as cheaply as possible. I was able to do this by frequent visits to local auctions where big furniture, not wanted by people who occupied usual-sized homes, but very suitable for the large rooms we wanted to furnish, was obtained at exceptionally cheap prices.

Howard then decided to open Bridge Street as a Bible School for women students. The writer was asked to act as Principal of the new school and was assisted by Harold Horton. This capable brother had taken the pastorate of the newly-formed assembly in Louth, where his ministry was blessed with conversions, healings and baptisms in the Spirit, and in the edification of the church.

Then in the School Review a year later appeared the following announcement, "We have just purchased a beautiful house at Louth standing in about an acre of ground for the sum of one thousand three hundred pounds. We have made this venture in the sure confidence that God will meet every need. We are steadily advancing and each advance means added expense, but the Lord is able. We shall shortly be vacating the house which we had rented at



36 Bridge Street for these larger and more commodious premises known as Westgate House.” A high wall enclosed the beautiful grounds. There were large rooms eminently suitable for our purposes.

For a time Westgate House was the home of the women students but when they were temporarily transferred to Scarborough, it was used as a Pentecostal Rest Home and Conference Centre. Mr. Horton took charge of the Scarborough assembly together with the women’s school there. In the lovely setting of Westgate House, annual conferences of the Bible School Evangelistic Society were held, usually during the latter part of the year. For five months of each year Westgate House was used as a Summer Bible School open to all.

Yet another activity of the growing work of the Hampstead School, and one that met a long-felt need especially among young people, was the instituting of a Correspondence Course in 1923. This soon found many applicants and the Course (which developed into four Courses) went ahead with great strides. Each course had ten papers with four questions in each to be answered. The following report confirms the progress being made—

“During 1925, 214 students were added to the Correspondence Course membership roll, and 60 have already joined in the month of January (1926). We have found it difficult to cope with the increasing number of studies to be corrected and we have had to enlarge our staff of teachers. Over 3,500 studies have been marked.”

Mr. P. L. Maudesley later became the C.C. Secretary and this is what he had to say in the ‘Review’ of 1929: “Our Correspondence Course has proved to be a great blessing to very many, all praise to God. Though brought out rather hastily to meet a need, it has now members in nearly all our assemblies and even some abroad. Some who have completed courses A, B and C urge us to bring out a course D.

“The Course is based on the conviction that the best method to adopt is to set questions of such a character that the student is

forced to the reading of the Word itself, and yet sufficiently simple and interesting for all to attempt. Every paper receives individual attention, and in returning the corrected papers specimen answers are enclosed, the preparation and printing of which has entailed considerable labour and expense.

“We make no charge and will be equally pleased to help those who cannot give. We rely on voluntary gifts only to meet our needs. Sometimes we receive a gift of a few stamps and these are much appreciated also. Certificates have been sent to some and soon will be to others who have completed the courses.”

The number on the roll was continually increasing and towards the end of that year (1929) Mr. Maudesley revealed that he had about 1700 postal students taking the course.

Towards the end of the year 1933 my brother wrote of God's dealings with him during the previous fourteen years, and the reason why he chose this particular period of time was because the apostle Paul, when writing to the Corinthians referred to the revelations given him by the Spirit. Paul said, “I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago . . . such an one caught up to the third heaven” (2 Cor. 12:2). So Howard headed his own testimony with the caption fourteen years ago.

The clause ‘Fourteen years ago’ made him retrospective and he begins by referring to the first message given him by the Lord fourteen years before which said, ‘Build for Me ... and there shall be heaps of money’. In his testimony he asks, “Was that commission from the Lord? Has any building for God been done? Have heaps of money been given without asking man for anything? In the last fourteen years two Pentecostal Bible Schools have been opened, and students gathered from the north, south, east and west of these favoured isles. Missionaries have gone out to China, Japan, Korea, Ceylon, Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Russia and other parts of the world. In Great Britain over 140 evangelists and pastors are working in different parts. A Correspondence Course of Bible Study has

students in the five continents, and finance has been provided to meet the increasing needs of every department.

“We have had times of great strain, times when it would seem the Lord had ‘forgotten to be gracious’ but such times were only shadows to be obliterated in the sunshine of the great deliverances which have followed. The Lord has never failed us in the past fourteen years since the commission to build. This testimony is given for the glory of God and to strengthen the faith of the Lord’s people in the reality of the abiding gifts of the Spirit.”

There was later a further development of the School’s activities when, on the 1st February 1941, ‘The Study Hour’ made its first appearance, edited by George Newsholme, under the auspices of the Assemblies of God Evangelistic Society. It was published ‘For Bible Students and Christian Workers’ and quickly created a demand by meeting a felt need. The many contributors maintained through the years that followed a high standard of writing.

## **Chapter 10, A Unique Personality And A Unique Ministry**

About this time in my brother's life and ministry it appeared that he was moving under a manifest anointing of the Holy Spirit. God was using him in a remarkable way to lead seekers into the fulness of the Holy Spirit and to stimulate faith in those who were desirous of receiving the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

Describing one of the Easter Conventions of the Bible School Evangelistic Society held in the Kingsway Hall, London, we find the reporter using these words, "Tarrying meetings were held in the vestry between the services— three each day. Howard Carter announced that as many as thirty had received in each half-hour —'as many as one a minute'. Seekers immediately upon receiving were turned out to make room for others who were waiting in the lobbies and corridors."

An extract from the 1929 'Review' states that when Howard was ministering at the Summer Bible School in Margate, twenty-six received the Holy Spirit.

Also the same year, after he had visited different B.S.E.S. assemblies he returned to London with the glorious news of God's blessing everywhere. He was able to report that between 90 and 100 believers had received the Divine fulness. In addition quite a number of precious souls had been won for Christ and scores of God's children reconsecrated to the Lord.

While he was ministering in Northern Ireland, he laid his hands upon a young man, who received the Spirit and spoke in tongues. My brother asked him his name and he wrote it upon a piece of paper which Howard put in his pocket. He found the paper later and the name written upon it was 'Edwin Orr'. He testified that "When Howard Carter laid hands on me I received the gift of faith." It was in simple faith that Edwin Orr travelled around the world preaching the gospel and detailing his experiences of God's wonderful provision in the several books he published, which have inspired very many readers.

It has been remarked that there was an attractiveness about Howard's personality which induced fellow-workers to carry into effect his many requests. This doubtless arose from the fact that he was always interested in everything they were doing and it produced the feeling in them that he was concerned with them personally. They would willingly do things for him they would not have done for others.

An instance of this has to do with our cousin before she was married. Howard came into the office one day and astonished her by saying, "Elsie, I have arranged for you to take the women's meeting at Upton Manor (East London)." Our cousin was shy and reserved and had done nothing like this before. She protested seeking to excuse herself on the ground that she was not married, but my brother reminded her that the pastor of that assembly (R. H. Boughton) was himself a single man. Seeing that the people would be expecting her she went to the meeting, she told me, 'sick with fear'. The Lord must have helped her for she continued to take that women's meeting every week for the next two or three years.

Whilst I was pioneering a new assembly on the South Coast I invited my brother to come for a special meeting. When he ministered the Word that evening he experienced great liberty in the Spirit, which everyone felt. He then announced that he would pray in the vestry with those seeking to be filled. Upon vacating the platform I stepped into the place which he had occupied so as to continue the service in the main hall. What I experienced was very remarkable for I seemed to step into a veritable blaze of glory, which must have been my brother's spiritual environment whilst ministering. I had never felt anything like it before.

Whilst gathering material for this book I related this experience to one of those who that night received the baptism under my brother's hand (Leslie Collier, of Canning Town), and he told me of a similar happening at Enfield. He put it in these words, "Charles Finney stated that meetings could be affected by one who was highly endued with the power from on high. How true this was of Howard Carter! On one memorable occasion when his brother conducted a

pioneer campaign at Enfield and the going was hard, Mr. Howard arrived unexpectedly for the Sunday evening service. As he entered the hall T. S. Parfitt, who was giving out hymn books at the back, declared emphatically that the power of God seemed to envelop him. I myself was sitting at the front of the meeting and distinctly felt the glory of the Lord as Mr. Carter passed by me on his way to the platform. He declined to preach but his brother spoke under a great anointing. In attendance and power and number of decisions it was by far the best meeting of the whole campaign. At the time we were convinced that Mr. Howard had probably spent the day in prayer and had then come over to the meeting."

Mr. Collier has many reminiscences to relate affecting my brother and he kindly jotted down the following at my request. "Mr. Howard's manner in conducting meetings inspired and blessed thousands. His way of leading the congregational singing was itself unique. He did not exactly beat time or clap hands but by graceful movement of his arms and hands he led the singing. In him it was so obviously natural to his artistic instincts and this, together with the outflowing of his gracious personality and his radiant countenance, was a benediction to the people who listened to him.

"Many sermons of Mr. Howard possessed a two-fold quality. There was the great light of revelation on the Scriptures and in addition his thoughts were clothed with great beauty of language. After he had preached at Sion College on 'The Sons of God', Mr. T. J. Jones declared I he sermon should have been put into print. Often he held audiences spellbound. One such occasion was at Scunthorpe when he spoke of Abraham looking for a city which lie never found (until he reached Heaven or Paradise). I remember my arm being in a certain position and I was so gripped that I never moved it throughout the address. My own opinion is that Mr. Howard would have left many well-known secular writers standing with his powers of description as, for instance, seen in his book 'As Time Flew By', especially his description of New York.

"One turned before anything else to his short three-paragraphed articles in the 'Review' and read and re-read them. The spiritual

quality and beauty of language always brought inspiration as for instance, speaking of Christ's life and death, he wrote, 'The grace of God flowed like a river through the midst of mankind and at Calvary it overflowed its banks.'

"His complete trust in God was always an inspiration. He said at Canning Town (London) that on one occasion he arrived back in the U.S.A. and no one knew he was there; he explained that he did not see the need of telling anyone,, with a view to ministry, since the Lord knew he was there. He spent a day of prayer in the woods, but was attacked again and again by a vicious mosquito until he commanded it to leave, and immediately it flew away.

"Before he left England for the last time, he told how he arrived at a town and found he had neither the name of the hall nor its address. He did not know what to ask for. He looked to the Lord to guide him miraculously, turning right here and left there, etc. He arrived at the hall and discovered afterwards that it had been the right way to come.

"On a certain occasion it looked as if the school would have to close unless money came. A sign was given, presumably by prophecy, which spoke of deliverance as 'about the size of a man's hand.' A letter arrived containing only one pound. Mr. Howard said, 'You can't keep a Bible School open on a pound note, but a pound note is about the size of a man's hand.' Shortly afterwards a very large sum of money was received.

"A prediction was uttered by Mr. Howard that a large sum of money would come on a certain day but it had not arrived. That same evening he accompanied a student, who was temporarily acting as pastor for a London church, and Mr. Carter was going to speak for him. On the way back the young man ventured to say, 'It does not look as if that money will come now.' 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' was the retort. He stood fast in faith and sure enough the money was there late that evening."

So conscientious was my brother in the matter of money that not only did he refuse to take any salary for his heavy responsibility as

principal and tutor but he actually paid for his own board and lodging at the school in common with the students.

Another trait in his character was his humility. Instead of taking for his bedroom one of the largest and best rooms he elected to sleep in a small attic room at the top of No. 12. Another instance of his humility was that he begged my cousin and myself to criticize his preaching. We were to be sure and tell him if he made any grammatical error, any objectionable gesture, any mispronunciation, any idiosyncrasy peculiar to him while he was preaching. He would be quite upset if we told him there was nothing to criticize. Some might ask another to do this and get quite offended should they attempt to do so, but not so Howard. He is a humble person who can endure, and even welcome, such appraisal.

The writer thinks it might not be out of place to give his own personal impressions of the character and attraction of his brother. Because of our blood relationship I suppose I knew him better than anyone else.

I sincerely believe that Howard was the most generous man I ever met. This quality in his nature was at times almost embarrassing. On journeys he would insist on paying for both of us; in restaurants he settled the bills, disregarding my protests; he literally gave me hundreds of pounds. If there was anything of his that I expressed admiration for, he wanted me to have it.

Let me give an illustration of this outstanding generosity in his disposition. A poor woman found her way into our hall at Duddeston, Birmingham, where Howard was the pastor. She had run away from her husband who treated her shamefully, and she took her little daughter with her. The mother gave herself to the Lord but it soon became evident that she had not long to live, and she begged our mother to take the child.

After the woman's death we had the child in our home for some time but father insisted that she be put in a children's home, and eventually she became an inmate of Dr. Bernard's institution.

Although Howard was at this time living by faith he personally assumed the financial responsibility of covering that child's keep in



Dr. Barnardo's up to the time that she was old enough to earn her own living. Throughout those intervening years Howard regularly sent the money, out of his own pocket, to the institution to cover the support of a child who had no claim whatever upon him. This meant that, independent of his own personal needs, he had to exercise faith for hundreds of pounds to provide for that girl.

Although Howard found pleasure in giving to me (and not to me only) many love-gifts he was careful not to dwarf the development of my own personal faith when I went from the School evangelising. I resigned from my assembly in order to devote myself to this work as a B.S.E.S. evangelist, but he did not guarantee me any financial support while I was pioneering even when he knew I was having a difficult time. He wanted me, and all the members of the Society, to learn to trust God even as he himself depended upon the Lord.

Another feature was his disinterestedness, the nobility of his self-sacrifice. He spent very little upon himself. He never possessed a motor-car but travelled all over the British Isles third-class on the railways (until this class was abolished), carrying with him heavy suitcases loaded with files relating to the work of the B.S.M.A. and also notepaper for sermon preparation. He rarely stayed in hotels and ate the simplest of foods. There was a time in early life when he so neglected his body that he came near to a breakdown.

Mrs. C. L. Parker refers to Howard's unselfishness in the following illustration: "I remember when we left Oxford for the Bible School he gave up his own bedroom to us, and in 1933 when we arrived from Louth with two children he moved again and managed in the partitioned back of the office until we went to Grays. As I see these gestures in retrospect I appreciate them even more."

Howard was the quintessence of industry, unflagging in his enthusiastic zeal and boundless energy. He expected others to work at the same pace as himself and this often led to disappointments on both sides. He taught me many lessons in the matter of 'redeeming the time'. For instance, when we were together on board ship in 1926 going to America, he would get me every evening to sit with

him around a table below decks, with our Bibles open at the Gospel of Matthew, each of us preparing a sermon. The plan was to choose a text from chapter one the first night, from chapter two the next, and so on. We were to write a sermon outline, without any reference book to help us, and complete it within a given time. Each would read aloud his outline, with introduction, headings, notes and application. I must confess I would much rather have spent the time on deck that lovely summer time in July!

He was, more or less, a man of one book—the Bible.

His sermons were always quite original and came as the result of his continued meditation in the sacred Word. Because of this he possessed a very small library, consisting mainly of a few reference books.

In regard to prayer Howard made it a rule to devote one day each month to prayer, in addition to his daily devotions. Even when he was travelling round the world he wrote, in one of his personal letters, “I have endeavoured not to miss my day each month with the Lord, although it is sometimes very difficult when constantly travelling.”

I repeat what I have declared publicly that I personally owe him a great debt under God for the great influence he exerted upon my life and ministry. In the School it was not just the excellent Bible talks that influenced the students but his dedicated life and singleness of purpose that gained their respect and admiration. He loved them and they in turn loved him.

It would be opportune at this juncture to refer to those dedicated sisters who served in the School as Matron. As Howard was unmarried the first matron under his regime was Mrs. Pearson, and she was followed by Miss Vipan; she was a gentlewoman who took it upon herself to teach the students some necessary rules of etiquette, which she felt they much needed. Then came Miss Burgess, the daughter of a Toronto banker, and it was during her time (in 1928) that my mother and cousin came to live at No. 87.

Father having died just previously, they left the south-east of London and came to live in the north-west, in Hampstead.

Arising from this proximity to No. 12 began the close connection that Elsie Bruntnell had with the work. She was still looking after mother whose health was now beginning to fail—in fact she died on December 8th 1929. My cousin's duties commenced with her going over to No. 12 to do the typing for the principal, and after mother's decease she was able to give her full time to the work in the school.

Miss Burgess had said to my cousin, "If anything happens to me you will have to be Matron." Hearing of the death of her sister, Miss Burgess departed from this country, leaving Elsie with a list of 68 people who were coming for the Kingsway Convention and needed to be accommodated. From that time she became the matron of the school.

Mr. P. L. Maudesley, a student at Bart's hospital in London, had received the Pentecostal experience through Mrs. Cantell at Highbury and he was now a member of the stall at No. 12. The following interesting announcement appeared in the school Magazine 1930, "Two members of our official staff were married at Westgate House, Louth, on July 30th. Mr. P. L. Maudesley, who is Correspondence Secretary, was united to Miss G. E. Bruntnell. We wish them every happiness in the Lord and greater usefulness in His service." After their marriage they took up residence at No. 12, living in two small rooms at the top of the building. Elsie was now attending to all the private correspondence of the principal.

An illustration of Howard's firm faith in the efficacy of prayer for healing, beside his faith for finance, is shown in an incident which my cousin related to me. She was standing in the tool shed when a garden fork fell from the wall and one of its sharp points deeply pierced her foot. Some warned her about the danger of tetanus unless she immediately went to the doctor, but Howard prayed over the painful wound and said, "It will be alright now." And it was!

J. Whitfield Foster told us the following story: "Mrs. Foster was sent to the eye specialist before they would give her reading glasses.

After a special test she was informed that she had a split retina in the right eye and needed an immediate operation. He wanted her to enter the hospital that same day, but she told him she was a believer in prayer and must first pray about it. He did not understand but gave her 24 hours and told her to report to her local doctor. She did so and informed him she would trust God and not have the operation. The doctor was quite distressed and asked us if there was anyone in the Movement older than ourselves who, having heard the full story, could advise us because of the grave danger of blindness coming to both eyes. The only person I could think of was Mr. Howard Carter and we saw him that same afternoon. We will never forget our conversation with him. He naturally brought in his own experience of faith in God, and it was because I believed him to be such a man of faith that I felt he was the only one we could see about the matter. After the long conversation he used these simple words "Faith pleases God." They were to us the voice of God. We immediately knew what we had to do, that was to trust God absolutely. Since then these words "Faith pleases God" have repeatedly returned to us in many other situations. Howard Carter must have pleased God so many times for he implicitly trusted God to the end."

In one of Howard's sermons he tells of a young lady who, in January 1926, came to No. 12 just before she was to enter a convent where she would be taking the vow. She came to see a friend of hers who was training as a student for the mission field. Howard asked her about her faith. "I am a Catholic," she replied, "and a very staunch one." "You are fully convinced?" "I am, Mr. Carter, and no one could move me."

"As we talked together she said, 'I am going to Church tonight, the Catholic Church.' When she returned I asked whether she had enjoyed the service. She replied, 'Not very much. The singing was nice but the message wasn't.' I said, 'Little wonder! At that very church, in that magnificent edifice, at that glorious place where incense abounds and the priests move about majestically, they have lately applied for a licence to sell intoxicating liquors at their midnight dances. Small wonder that you got little blessing there! The notice

has appeared in the newspapers and I have cut it out, would you like to see it?’

“I asked her, ‘Do you know what goes on in these convents?’ To which she replied, ‘I do and some of the things trouble me. It troubles me that in them they play whist and drink intoxicating liquor.’ “And yet you are going? We ought not to put our plants into the greenhouse but should let them grow and bloom in God’s open fields.’

“We prayed and something happened! The message had previously come through, ‘My servant shall be delivered, she shall not go the way she hath planned.’ The next morning she said, ‘I am sorry I ever came to this school. My faith is undermined. I cannot go to that convent.’ She began to distribute her treasures. Somebody had the medal with the Virgin Mary on it, I had the Prayer Book (she didn’t need that any more), someone else had a piece of holy relic that the Pope had blessed, and someone had something else. Oh, such a collection of relics and other things that were stripped off.

“She went back to the hospital where she was working and waited upon the Lord. As she was coming down one of the corridors of the hospital the power of the Spirit came upon her and she was baptised in the Holy Ghost.

“Oh, it was better than being in a convent, she was in the Spirit. I believe in living for God, living away from the world, but not in convents or monasteries, I believe in living in the Spirit. You will be away from the world if you live in the Spirit, for you cannot live in the world and live in the Spirit.”

Commenting on this incident, Mrs. Parker added, “A few of us met that critical night (Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Arthur Berghold to pray in the kitchen for this young woman. What shouting and rebuking of evil powers there was! How we crept up to bed without our shoes (Howard’s orders) in the early hours, but the girl never went to that convent.”

The students at No. 12, as well as the tutors, had regularly ministered at the Kentish Town assembly as this district adjoined

Hampstead. For years eager eyes had searched for a place more congenial, for a real spiritual home.

Howard was making his way there one evening when he felt constrained to go by a route different from the one he usually walked. Obeying the impulse he saw an empty building that looked as though it had been built for Worship but was now being used as a warehouse. A notice said that the property would be put up for auction at a certain place and date. Howard noted these particulars and asked Mr. T. D. Dorling, who had a good eye for property and its value, to come and see it. They went inside and Mr. Dorling, after carefully examining the structure, said that he thought it was worth sixteen hundred pounds.

They covenanted with the Lord to offer that amount, and no more, at the auction, and my brother believed that God would enable them to have the place at that price. He did not possess the money, in fact he could only lay his hands upon about one tenth of the sum, but that fact did not worry him, he believed that the Lord would provide all the money.

Both of them were at the auction and the bidding steadily arose to the agreed amount and Howard bid the sixteen hundred pounds, thinking the auctioneer would knock it down to him. But no! Someone else bid higher and that was that. The two of them looked at each other in astonishment, they had felt so confident. After the auction they prepared to depart when a man came up and said, 'Does your bid still stand?' 'Yes,' they replied, 'but someone has outbid us.' 'Well,' said the man, 'you can have it at that figure.' Evidently there had been some shady work of forcing up the price but they asked no further questions. They paid over the deposit and agreed to pay the principal sum by a certain date. Later they received a note from the solicitor that the deeds would be ready for signing on the morrow, and would Howard bring along the remainder of the money. A thousand pounds were now needed as some extra money had come in addition to the deposit. This drove the inmates of No. 12 to their knees in intercessory prayer. Let Howard now describe the events of that last day—

“I thought, the money will come through the mail so I went to see what the morning post brought me. There was nothing. In the afternoon the same again. There was an evening delivery also, but nothing came, nothing financial. The next day I must sign the deeds and I didn’t have the money. What should I do? I decided to go to bed. Then, on my way, I noticed on the doormat there lay an old yellow envelope. It was addressed to me. I looked inside, there was no letter but it was full of Bank of England notes. I got quite excited. I sat down and began to count. There were one thousand pounds and a scrap of paper inside with the words, ‘For the church.’ The donor had been his own postman. God provided the money and we secured the church.”

When Howard referred to this provision at Sion College he used the simile of the barrel of meal and the continued scraping needed, yet of the unfailing supply direct from the hands of Jehovah Jireh and the timeliness of God’s undertakings. The hall needed a lot of cleaning, distempering and minor repairs but all lent a hand. The men were soon at work repairing the roof or perched on ladders distempering the walls or attending to the lights, while the sisters scrubbed and the carpenters erected a platform. Ultimately the hall was ready and opened for the glory of God.

The reader will have observed that on different occasions my brother received personal messages from the Lord which he implicitly believed and acted upon. In this respect the biography differs, so far as we know, from any other life-story of modern times. Certain events were made known to him by Divine revelation that were of a predictive character, and he publicly stated that if one of these prophecies failed to come to pass he would never utter another prediction.

Seeing that the present chapter deals with his unique ministry, the writer feels the time is opportune for my brother to explain why he drew a clear line of demarcation between a Prophet and one who has the simple gift of Prophecy. It will be seen therefore that these predictions stamp him as a Prophet of the Lord. I am quoting from a message he wrote for publication in April 1930, and which appeared

in the 'Review' (of which I was editor) under the caption "The Gift of Prophecy contrasted with the Prophetic Office."

"Standing uncompromisingly as we do for the Gifts of the Spirit and the scriptural Offices of Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Pastors and Teachers, we cannot afford to be ignorant concerning a subject such as the one under consideration which is of such vital importance to the welfare of the Movement as a whole.

"The most obvious difference between the Office of Prophet and the simple Gift of Prophecy (which so many possess) is that the former is included in the five ministries which Christ is stated to have given to the church at His ascension (Eph. 4:11), whereas the latter is found in the list of the nine gifts or manifestations of the holy spirit, which gifts are given severally as He, the Holy Spirit, wills (1 Cor. 12:7-11).

"To confuse the two and to conclude that the Gift is but the expression of the Office would but cause us to question the Divine necessity of recording one gift twice.

"Secondly, let it be noted that all Spirit-filled believers are exhorted to 'covet earnestly the best gifts' (1 Cor. 12:31) and especially prophecy (1 Cor. 14:1). Now this exhortation could scarcely be applied to the prophetic Office or we should be in danger of an inundation of prophets to the exclusion of the other Offices.

"The third difference is the absence of 'revelation' from the simple gift of prophecy. It is this which forms such an essential part of the prophetic Office for it is by revelation that the divine mind is communicated to the prophet. Were it not for this blessed impartation of 'revelation' the prophet could not be distinguished from the teacher. In 1 Cor. 14:3 the gift of prophecy is stated to be 'unto edification, exhortation and comfort' but not, let it be noted, 'unto revelation'. This fact is brought out more clearly in 1 Cor. 14:6 where the apostle is enumerating the four ways in which the church is edified, viz. by 'revelation, knowledge, prophesying and doctrine'. If 'revelation' and 'prophesying' are but one and the same, no distinction would have been necessary. Moreover, the Word of God



is demonstrated in the present-day exercise of the gift of prophecy and is apparent to the spiritually observant that the simple gift contains no specific revelation. To endeavour to force such is to abuse the gift and endanger the community.

“In the fourth place, it might be pointed out that prophecy is compared with the gift of tongues when accompanied by the gift of interpretation in such a way as to suggest an exact correspondence (1 Cor. 14:5). Thus the superiority of prophecy over tongues disappears when the interpretation of tongues is given. Since therefore prophecy is comparable with these two last gifts of the Spirit in unison, who could possibly conclude that the possession of the gift of prophecy established the prophetic office? A person is surely not to be considered a prophet who exercises the twin gifts of tongues and interpretation! Such a limited conception of the prophetic office would rob it of its spiritual dignity and would falsely elate the numerous people in our assemblies who have long exercised these two gifts.

“Fifthly, the difference between the Gift and the Office might still further be emphasized by reference to their relative positions in the two categories. The gift of prophecy comes sixth in the nine gifts of the Spirit (1 Cor. 12:8-10) whereas the prophet is placed second in the five other offices (Eph. 4:11). If the gift of prophecy constituted its possessor a ‘prophet’ we should surely expect it to rank among the first of the gifts. Furthermore, when the relative value of both offices and gifts is given according to their order in the list provided in 1 Cor. 12:28, we find the prophet is given the place next to the apostle, then comes the teacher, after that those who possess gifts of miracles, followed by healings, and naturally all the subsequent gifts in their order, right on to diversities of tongues. Thus prophecy is seen to be far removed from the office of the prophet.

“Sixthly, it will be observed from a study of the New Testament that the gifts of the Spirit do not entitle those possessing them to ‘double honour’, i.e. support in the ministry, whereas the offices do. In most cases apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, and certain elders gave themselves wholly to the ministry, but there is not

the slightest suggestion that anyone possessing the gift of prophecy, or tongues with interpretation, should be supported in consequence of their gifts.

“In conclusion a few thoughts respecting the prophetic office might be added to mark its importance in contrast to the simple exercise of the gift of prophecy. Since the only difference between the office and the gift lies in the matter of specific revelation we must examine very carefully whatever is given in the nature of a ‘revelation’ from the Lord. The gift of prophecy contains no specific revelation. It is full of inspiration and comfort but, as a simple exercise of prophecy, it never exceeds the bounds of generalities in the Spirit, except when the Lord is pleased to apply some word spoken generally and make it a benefit to an individual present.

“If prophecy contains more than the conventional inspiring utterances familiar to us the speaker has received, consciously or unconsciously, another gift which is flowing into and mingling with the simple gift, as a tributary into a river. If therefore revelation of things to come is contained in the prophecy, these revelations should be specially noted for they are of great importance. If proved to be true they are the revelation of the mind of God; if proved false, they are very dangerous.

“The revelation of the future may concern an event about to take place, such as the dearth mentioned in Acts 11:28; or it may be a personal matter suitable for guidance as Paul’s bonds in Jerusalem (Acts 21:11). Both these prophecies reveal Agabus in the office of Prophet (Acts 21:10).

# Chapter 11, World Travel Visiting The Missionaries

We embark now upon an entirely different phase of the Chairman's activities, to the period spent in world travel. The editor of the 'Pentecostal Evangel' of America had this to say at the time of announcing Howard's death in 1971, "Perhaps no name was known to more Pentecostal people in more countries than his, for his ministry took him around the world and his writings were translated into many languages."

The world pilgrimage began one day in London, England, while he was engaged in a season of prayer on the eighteenth of December 1931. The Holy Spirit moved upon him in prophetic utterance concerning a helper who would assist him in his work. These are the words of the message which he wrote down upon a piece of paper—

"I have found one for thee, yea, I have called a worker to stand beside thee. He hath heard My call, he respondeth, he joineth thee in the work to which I have called thee. I have called him, although thou knowest him not; I have commanded him, although thou hast not seen him. He is called and chosen and shall join thee. Behold he cometh, he cometh from afar; he cometh to help thee and will help thee to carry thy burden and be a strength at thy side, and thou shalt find pleasure in his service and shall delight in his fellowship. He shall come at the time appointed and shall not tarry; at a time thou thinkest not shall he appear, even when thou art engaged in My work."

This is what Howard has to say about the fulfilment of this prediction. "From the time the Lord gave me this message, I was daily expecting the helper to arrive. But no one came throughout 1932, and even the next year passed by without the promise being fulfilled. Though I felt sure the word would come to pass yet nothing remarkable happened.

"In 1934 I received an invitation to the United States as speaker for two of their camp meetings. I refused the invitation since I had

covenanted with the Lord not to accept any invitations from abroad, feeling it was a waste of time to travel. However in my covenant I had made a proviso that if it should be the will of God for me to minister abroad, He would give me a special sign.

“As this letter of invitation from the United States did not contain my special sign, I declined the invitation, but before my letter of refusal reached the U.S. (it was crossing the Atlantic by sea as there was no air mail between the two countries at that time) a cablegram was sent asking if I were accepting the invitation, and requesting a reply by cable. The wording of that cablegram contained the sign which I had asked of the Lord. Confident that it was the will of the Lord for me to go, I replied ‘Ignore letter, am accepting.’

“Our Missionary Secretary in London, upon learning of my intended visit to the States, suggested half-humorously that I should extend my trip from California and visit the missionaries in the Far East before returning home. I took his remark seriously, feeling that the missionaries needed to be visited, and I definitely prayed about the matter. Borrowing the key of one of our churches which was not far from the School, I locked myself in the building and spent several hours with God in prayer and fasting.

“During this very blessed season of spiritual communion I received direction from the Lord as follows: ‘Prepare thee for the journey and clothe thee for the path which thou shalt take, for I am sending thee and I will go with thee. Thou hast waited for Me and thou hast done well, for thy waiting has been thy wisdom, and thou hast shown knowledge of My way. I will go with thee to prepare the path and will give thee grace to tread it. Thou shalt speak My words and shalt follow My leadings and do My will.

‘Place after place thou shalt visit and shalt comfort My people and gather Mine elect together, for I am sending thee. Let not another say, ‘he sendeth thee’ and let not the people say ‘we send thee’ for I am sending thee, saith the Lord, and I am providing thee with all thou needest. To the nations I am sending thee, to the countries where My servants labour. Thou shalt comfort My people and cheer

those who have laboured for Me. In dark places shalt thou speak and in difficult places shalt thou give them help, for I am with thee.

‘In thy journeying thou shalt not lack, and in thy soul thou shalt have satisfaction. Thou hast not complained when I sent thee to a few, nor murmured when there were not many to speak to; now will I send thee to many as well as few, and to great as well as small. Fear not, fear not, for I will provide. I know thou hast naught, but I will send thee all thou needest, for I am with thee and will be with thee.’

“Assured by this message as well as the sign that I was travelling in the will of God and was to visit the missionaries after leaving the States I sailed for New York early in June.”

On June 8th 1934 a farewell meeting was held in Bloomsbury Central Church, London, to bid goodbye to the Chairman of Assemblies of God. Nearly eight hundred people assembled for all knew he was about to leave on his great tour abroad. He announced there would be no collection as the expenses of the meeting had already been met by anonymous gifts received since entering the church.

Our one hundred gathered at eight o'clock next morning at Waterloo station to give him a Pentecostal send-off, and at noon the Berengaria sailed for New York. His ministry in the United States was made a great blessing. We find this note in his diary, “Over one hundred filled with the Holy Spirit in ten days in the U.S.A.”

In one of Howard's many letters which he sent to No. 12 from his world-tour, there is this very personal and private item and marked by him ‘Not for publication.’ However, as the person who wrote it and the one to whom he wrote are no longer alive, we take the liberty of quoting the following: “Brother S. Frodsham (then editor of the ‘Pentecostal Evangel’ in U.S.A.) wrote me: ‘We praise the Lord for your lovely ministry in this country. I myself have been more benefitted by it than by any ministry I have been in touch with during the past twenty-five years.’ His letter, added my brother, came at a time when I was feeling down. The Lord knows how to cheer us.”

Stanley Frodsham, in a further letter he sent him, again expresses great appreciation of Howard's ministry in the States. Again Howard marked the quotation 'Strictly Private and not for Publication,. "When I was in Florida (wrote Brother Frodsham) more than one spoke to me about that remarkable message you gave here in Spring-field. They considered it the most wonderful thing we have ever had in the Evangel. To God be all the praise! I thank God for every remembrance of you. You were a great blessing to me personally, and I have been a different being since you laid hands on me." Howard adds the following note: 'Enough to make one weep before the Lord.' While he was ministering in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, a young man, who had written previously to say he would meet Howard there, came up to him and said. "You remember my writing to you, Brother Carter? I am Lester Sumrall. The Lord has told me that I am to travel with you." My brother let it be known that the Lord had not made it clear to him and both agreed to pray about the matter. As this was not the first young man who had suggested travelling with him and since the matter was of such vital importance, Howard felt it was imperative that he must make sure the right one accompanied him.

He went to his hotel and knelt before the Lord. In his travelling case he had the prediction he had received about a travelling companion. He took it out and spread it before the Lord and said, "Lord, is this the one whom You are going to send with me as a helper?" However, he received no clear light upon the matter.

Next morning the young man was standing outside the auditorium and he asked whether Howard had received any guidance upon the matter. Upon being told No, he puckered his brow and looked very perplexed and said, "I am sure it is of God."

"Then a miracle took place," said my brother when relating the incident afterwards, "that young man had never met me before and he knew nothing about the prediction I had received whilst in London (more than two years before), yet he began to repeat the very words of the prophecy that had been given to me. It was amazing to me; in a moment I was convinced."

To Lester Sumrall he said, "You want to travel with me yet you do not know me. I have never seen you before and you have never seen me until now. You do not know my principles respecting finance. I never ask for money, and if I do not have any I trust the Lord to provide, and I keep such matters strictly private."

The young man's reply was, "Brother Carter, I will do what you do and I will go where you go. If you travel by plane I will do likewise. If you go by train, so will I. If you walk I will walk." I said to him "Come" and he came with me one hundred and fifty thousand miles through many countries. This conversation took place in America yet the Lord, almost three years previously in London, England, had given the revelation concerning this young man. The age of the supernatural is not past!

Howard went ahead of his newly-discovered travelling companion in order to fulfil some speaking engagements, instructing the young man to meet him in Australia. He spent Christmas 1934 at the Annual Conference of the New Zealand assemblies and visited various centres while in the Dominion. The Vice-Chairman of the New Zealand work wrote about Howard's visit, "He surely is a God-sent messenger to this country."

It was on the first day of the new year that Howard and Lester Sumrall met again, this time in Sydney, Australia. Donald Gee printed the following note in 'Redemption Tidings' regarding the Chairman's movements: "Our brother is lingering amongst the assemblies in Australia longer than he first intended because of the great need of teaching which exists among them. They are truly in urgent need of spiritual help along the very line that Brother Carter is so well fitted to give, and for that reason he has delayed the commencement of one of the most important parts of his plans—the visitation of our mission stations. He will probably be in China during the coming months, if God will."

While in Melbourne, Howard received a cablegram from our Overseas Missions Secretary, "Necessary arrange vital Conference, all China missionaries, when are you there?" Also a letter came

saying that the American A.O.G. missionaries in Hong Kong desired him to hold a Conference of all missionaries in that area.

An extract from one of my brother's personal letters (written 24.1.35) reveals some of the discomforts of the traveller. "The night before last I had a mighty visitation of mosquitoes. They devoured me—face, hands and feet. My face looks as if I have had small pox, my hands as if I have the measles, and my feet as if I had walked through a brierfield barefoot. I seem to spend hours scratching. I know I ought not to do so but what can a man do when his body has the torments of Hades in it? There was only one mosquito net so my host used it, although he said the insects did not affect him. I wondered why he did not offer me a loan of the net when he saw my face after the first night with him but he did not appear to notice, and I said not a word."

Readers will doubtless enjoy from his pen this picturesque description of a visit to the Sydney Zoo. "Saw the lovely little koalas, and heard half a dozen kookaburras laugh. Let the evolutionist tell us, if he can, whose brush painted the stripes on the zebra, or spotted the leopard's skin, or delicately tinted the fishes, or richly painted the plumage of the birds. Let him dare to say they evolved and surely every kookaburra would laugh, the ostrich bury her head for shame, and every seal bark in protest; the camels would lose their dignity and the peacocks drag their glory in the dust! "

It is good to read, in his private correspondence to Hampstead, this opinion of his travelling companion. "They very much want Brother Sumrall to stay here in Queensland and conduct evangelistic campaigns. He is very successful in this direction. I told them the Lord had sent him to me and I could not release him. They tried to press me but I could not entertain the thought. He would not dream of leaving me. We are like David and Jonathan. We are like father and son—44 and 22 respectively." "He is a very spiritual young man and seems ideal as a companion. Only the Lord Himself could have found one to perfectly fit in with my wishes."



Among the personal and private notes which Howard said were not for publication is the following very interesting incident, especially when one remembers his early speech impediment. "When in Melbourne a teacher of elocution and headmaster of the Grammar School came to hear me. He said afterwards that if I had been there another Sunday he would have brought all his students of elocution to hear me. What hath the Lord done! Poor old Howard, who suffered twenty-eight years with an impediment, is now a model for elocution students! I just laugh. The Lord must have all the glory."

He makes reference to another prophecy he had which was now finding fulfilment. "One of the messages I received from the Lord, about five or more years ago, was to the effect that my work would reach the uttermost parts of the earth. I did not mention it publicly as it seemed too good to be true, and I knew the fulfilment would speak eloquently enough."

People were surprised that Howard made no appeal in his meetings for money. To quote his own words, "A person said, 'Brother Carter has made no financial arrangements and has not asked for a penny.' The people seem astonished. Another individual said, 'You are the only overseas visitor who has been willing to visit the small assemblies.'" With his usual touch of humour, Howard mentions another occasion. "In one place no offering was taken up for me because they knew (sic) that all my expenses were being met from England! Who gave them this Word of Knowledge? It certainly was not a Gift of the Spirit!"

Howard's opinion of his young travelling companion did not change with the passage of time, for we find this later comment, "Lester Sumrall will do anything I ask. We have no differences of opinion. He loves being with me and hates to be separated. He is evangelistic and prayerful and spiritually-minded. He is ready to preach or keep silent. We get on perfectly together. I have not shown him the prophecy yet. He badly wishes to know why I accepted him when there were so many others who must have been far better than himself."

There is this short revealing note in one letter. "I slept in the mission hall. A mattress was placed on the floor and a sheet covered me, and I was soon asleep."

Reference was made earlier to his ability to paint with oils. When he was divinely restrained from this mode of expression, he painted with words. Here is his description of a sunset he witnessed and remember it was not specially written for publication, just one of hundreds of letters he wrote home. "The sun burnt its way through the dark clouds and left them like liquid gold. Bands of glory, streaks of fire, glistening splendour marked the place where the sun had sunken out of sight. Overhead a great canopy of fleecy cloud was tinged with the sun's shekinah and seemed to form a myriad angel figures, with faces to the light, and wings and feet and hands gently moving in the evening glow. Behind us two great dark clouds had caught the sun's rays and had spread them out into a rainbow, with a faint outer bow, colourful and wonderful, without rain. This is the first rainbow I ever remember seeing made by a sunset."

Sometimes when addressing the students at the Bible School which Howard endeavoured to open in Queensland, in the middle of a solemn lecture there would be a roar of laughter outside. Then probably four or five others would join the leader and the laughter would rise higher and higher. It was the kookuburra or laughing jackass. This bird imitates human laughter almost to perfection. All the students would join in with a hearty laugh.

Our two travellers journeyed to Java in March 1935. Before leaving Australia my brother spent a few hours in prayer and the Lord gave him a precious word that He had gone before them into Java, and they would find the way made plain. The first night they preached in a large concrete auditorium in Sourabaya seating 1,200 people, but it was estimated there were 2,000 present. Both of them ministered, and a great number came forward when the appeal was made.

From place to place they went ministering the precious Word of Life and finding open doors and open hearts to receive them. They preached in nearly every city of importance in Java, travelling over

3,000 miles to keep appointments, and there were very few nights they were not in a service. In spite of the fact that Howard had to speak through an interpreter in the waiting meetings, the Lord poured out His Spirit and as many as ten in one meeting received the baptism.

During their visit Brother F. van Abkoude, the Chairman of Assemblies of God in the Dutch East Indies, received through Howard the ministry of conveying the Spirit to seekers. Howard has this to say about it, "If our coming to Java was for no other purpose, this would be enough. His heart is overflowing with joy." Also, while he was translating one night for Howard, Brother van Abkoude felt the healing power of the Lord go through his body and he testified to being healed of internal trouble he had had for three years.

After the two brethren had left Java this is what Brother van Abkoude wrote: "At first I was surprised to see believers filled and baptised with the Holy Spirit within a few minutes. It was so simple, logical and scriptural. I knew it was the truth and I decided to prove it. Going to one of our assemblies I called the believers together. I prayed, laying my hands upon them, and within a few minutes they were filled with the Holy Spirit and speaking in new tongues. After the departure of our brothers we went to Makassar, the capital of Celebes. Within twenty days souls were saved, healed, and twenty-nine baptised with the Spirit, and we formed a new assembly of forty-five believers. While writing this there are already one hundred and thirty believers filled with the Spirit."

While Howard and Lester Sumrall were in Java they experienced a hair-breadth escape from death. Howard reports the terrifying ordeal: "With the sublime carelessness of a native, our Javanese chauffeur was crossing the railway line without much concern and, owing to the closed windows (because of the oppressively hot wind) and the animated conversation of the party, he did not hear the clanging bell of an approaching train. The first glimpse of the engine but a very short distance away struck terror in his heart. In his fright he lifted his foot from the accelerator and the car stopped dead in the middle of the tracks.

“My first impulse was to spring out but it was evident there was not time even for the leap. From my seat only the lower part of the engine could be seen, the rest towered above the car like a monster swooping upon its prey. Lester Sumrall was at the other side of the car from me, his eyes glued in a fixed stare upon the mechanical monster which threatened to crush us to death. An engine never looked so large as at that moment, nor so dreadful. Death stalked at close range. A second of time was being divided into sections and our share was a small fraction.

“We all shouted vociferously ‘Go’ in the tone of voice that danger impells, and although our chauffeur probably knew not a syllable of English he readily interpreted the command: Down went his foot heavily—the car jerked forward—and we escaped by a hair’s breadth. We could rest back in the seat again while heart palpitations slowed down to normal. How thankful to God we all felt that the car did not stall at the critical moment. The reporters would have found the ‘stuff that makes news’ and the undertaker our bodies.”

While in Java, this item appears in Howard’s private notes; “Finished my statistics for last year (1934). Preached 366 times and saw 342 filled with the Spirit. Surely the Lord has been good to me!” We might well ask, how many of our ministers preach one sermon per day throughout a whole year, or see one believer each day filled with the Holy Spirit?

Leaving Java they called at Singapore for two days and then on to Hong Kong. There came into Howard’s mind a prophecy he received years before, one sentence of which said, “As the waters lave the shores of distant lands so shall thy work be.” In fulfilment of this word, the Lord was taking them on a trip of 150,000 miles round the whole world.

The ten days they spent in Hong Kong were very busy with three meetings each day. In addition there were discussions at mostly every meal, dealing with the difficulties of the Missionaries. Brother Williams, the South China Superintendent, brought all his boys from his Bible School, none of whom had been filled with the Spirit. In a

few nights everyone of them had received. During the meetings the Lord bestowed upon the Superintendent himself the blessed ministry of imparting the Spirit, and Howard thought it well to leave him in charge of the seeking meetings so that his ministry might thereby mature, and there were baptisms in the Spirit every night.

It had been arranged for the two visitors to spend two weeks in Hong Kong but an urgent letter came from Yun-nan-fu (S.W. China) that all the missionaries had gathered there and were awaiting them. They set off and arrived on June 21st. There is a characteristic note in one of my brother's letters, "The Home Missionary Reference Council voted me fifty pounds for my visit to Yunnan-fu but I have no desire at all to accept it. The Lord has promised to provide for all our needs and He is faithfully doing so."

He presided at a full Conference of our missionaries which lasted for two weeks. An extract from his notes says, "The Conference began yesterday with spiritual sessions in the mornings and business in the afternoons. We have been given a good welcome. What rejoicings there are to see a member of the Missionary Council in Yunnan-fu! The missionaries have not disguised their feelings." All missionaries in the city were invited to the gatherings.

Mrs. Margaret Savage (formerly Miss Fisher) kindly supplies the following reminiscence of this important Conference—

"Mr. Howard Carter was the first member of the then Home Missionary Reference Council (now Overseas Missions Council) to visit the China field. Having been a student in his Bible School at Scarborough and Louth I particularly looked forward to his visit.

"Conditions in Yunnan Province in those days were extremely primitive, yet with his companion Lester Sum rail he quickly adapted himself. One was soon aware that his purpose in coming was not a mere sight-seeing tour, but to bring spiritual encouragement to both missionaries and nationals. Here was a servant of God not only preaching about the Gifts of the Holy Spirit but possessing them, and instilling faith and courage into a young missionary's heart that was to prove most valuable in her early years of missionary service. I

cannot forget his understanding of my own particular situation at that time, and the way he helped me to achieve my desire to return and carry on the work at my mission station in Fumin when others would have ruled otherwise.

“During his ministry in the capital many received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and missionaries of other denominations were drawn to the mission headquarters to hear him. He showed distress when we took him with us to the Kan-Hwa Yen, or reformatory school, which in fact was a women’s prison and slave market. One could understand him wanting to leave quickly as the sight of those pitiful creatures tore at the hearts of the most seasoned missionaries. He also saw the humorous side of things, as I remember his remark when he saw little Chinese boys wearing trousers split down the middle —‘everything is open in China.’

“Some may have been disturbed by his criticism of things he saw in China, but his early vision of the indigenous church has been a guide to our missionary policy not only in China but has become a reality on many of our overseas fields.”

On June 27th two of our British missionaries, Mr. Colley and Miss Cummings, were united in marriage by the Chairman, with Lester Sumrall as best man. Almost immediately after this happy event in the mission headquarters, the two world-travellers set off for a visit to our northern field of labour on the Tibetan border. They were accompanied by the two newly-weds and Mr. Wm. Boyd, together with certain Chinese servants. This entailed a two months’ journey on horseback through a robber-infested country. They got some old Chinese suits for travelling and on July 2nd they started on their long and arduous journey to Likiang. About three days later, while eating a meal by the wayside, the escort soldiers had news that a robbery had taken place there only a few hours before, so they asked the party to pack up at once and move on.

Here is a description of the dangerous journey taken from Howard’s correspondence. “The path ascended about one thousand feet up the face of the mountain. I never dreamed that a horse could climb

rocks. I was riding a mule. The path at times was only the width of the pony's feet, with a drop of a hundred, or perhaps two hundred, feet should the creature take a false step. All this makes one prayerful. I am used to looking down dreadful slopes which speak of death to any who slip. I would almost fear to walk in some of the places where I ride the animal."

Then we come across a different kind of description which he wrote to his cousin in London. "Sometimes I wish you could see the curious and wonderful sights that travelling affords, but then I wonder how you would survive the discomforts. No drains except for surface water; nothing clean; no handkerchiefs used; people crowded together, the streets full of them; dirty gods and dirty people; disease everywhere; lepers coming out at night, deformed and burdened people, made repulsive by sin, crushed by sorrow, wandering in a dreadful darkness, the atmosphere rife with filthy spirits. No. I think you had better stop at home."

"Sanitary conditions are crude in this land. I have stayed in large inns with not a single lavatory. There are flies—in scores, in hundreds, in thousands—millions of them; they settle on everything, they cover food until it looks black. The people do not seem to mind. Try not to think of them when I eat or I may fast too long."

"I had a disturbed night, the companions (!) with me tried to devour me, mosquitoes without and bugs within. How could I sleep? Travelling is not all joy."

Here is a note written towards the end of July. "Lester Sumrall is rejoicing in a new experience. Since his baptism six years ago, he has not spoken in tongues except for one sentence. He has broken into liberty this week-end and is very happy."

The party experienced some thrilling episodes to add interest to the lonely mule ride over the vast plains and high mountains. During a steady fall of rain one day Howard wrapped over his shoulder a thick Tibetan rug, and it was well that he did so. The road ran along the steep side of a mountain, to the right there was a drop guarded by a great cactus hedge barrier. He was walking behind his horse when

he slipped in the mud and went head-first over the edge into the cactus. Here he was, upside down, held firmly in the grip of the succulent growth. He struggled but was unable to extricate himself. His legs, protruding above the leaves, kicked in vain. He heard welcome footsteps, then a shriek, and through the united efforts of two Chinese he was disentangled. He spent the next hour or so removing small spikes and spines. The sun helmet and the thick rug saved his head.

He had a hair-raising experience on another occasion when the earth suddenly gave way without a moment's warning, and the mule and its rider were plunged down a yawning ravine. The creature was taking a short rest and Howard had seized the opportunity to make a few notes. He clutched his note-book tightly and took a lightning glance down to see what would happen. Providentially a stout tree was growing out of the side immediately beneath and upon this they landed, the mule on his belly and the rider still upon its back. It remained motionless, doubtless badly winded, having fallen about ten feet.

Sitting there unhurt the humorous aspect of the affair appealed to my brother and he laughed. Upon reconsideration of the matter he felt deep gratitude to God for the kind providence which arranged for the tree to break the fall. Had they landed at the bottom of the ravine it would doubtless have proved an undesirable termination to his earthly pilgrimage.

At the time of the misadventure Howard was alone, no one in the party had witnessed the fall. Being an unfrequented place no one might pass that way for weeks, and unless rescued he would die. He tried to free himself but one foot was pinned beneath the body of the mule and firmly held. Grasping a low branch with both hands he exerted all his strength but his foot was held as in a vice. He was a captive. He prayed and received a divine assurance that he would be delivered.

Sometime later he fancied that he heard sounds in the distance. Then came the sound of voices shouting in Chinese. They dragged



the imprisoned foot free and helped him up to the path. Then they turned their attention to the mule which had now begun to struggle. The men gripped its mane, ear and bottom lip and managed to get the creature up, none the worse for its experience. Howard was soon on its back and away again.

The party were now at their journey's end, at Chi Tien, the most distant inland mission station of our missionary work in that province, the nearest point to Tibet, after twenty-nine days' travel. It was here that Mr. and Mrs. Colley were to labour.

There is this extract from Howard's notes: "It was like a draught of some rich vintage to hear someone say, 'We heard you were at Yunnan-fu but never dreamed you would come right up here into these wild parts.' I hope to do more undreamed-of things!" "I have travelled by horse and mule for nine weeks, scorched by the sun and soaked by the rain, with aching back and stiff limbs; bitten by mosquitoes etc.; helping to erect beds and pack; cooking food, and finding the days delightfully, and sometimes dreadfully full."

Howard's travelling companion records some providential escapes from robbers. "One morning as we left a city there was a mountain in front with alternate roads around it. We took the left-hand one, while a large Chinese merchant caravan behind us took the right. At 11 a.m. the caravan was attacked and robbed. What led us to take the left-hand? We believe it was God.

"One day we began to ascend a high mountain. The chief horseman came rushing back to us pale and nervous. 'Pastors, this mountain is full of brigands. Hasten the mules and stay close together.' We turned a sharp curve around a boulder and there saw three filthy, ragged men sitting, with cruel scowling faces, polishing their long shining rifles. Without uttering a word the three of them joined our caravan, walking behind us. Our Chinese horsemen were silent and pale as death. We walked fifteen minutes, with those guns just behind us. Then one of the men spoke, 'We want money.' Our interpreter gave him what he asked for, then he put his hand to his mouth and screamed. The whole mountain resounded with his voice.

From the next ridge came an answer, then the men walked away. As we rode forward a sincere prayer was sent Heavenward, and we never met any more of these men."

The party was now on its way back to the capital, Yunnan-fu. In Howard's diary is this note, "Just think! No news for three months ! Can you imagine it? I am, as it were, dead to the outside world." Back at the capital they brought him his mail. "Never in my life have I seen so much personal mail. For three hours I have been reading hard and am not halfway through. My tour is not ended until the last missionary is visited. I feel I have to visit each one and do the job thoroughly."

As he devoured all the correspondence containing welcome news of the work at home his soul was refreshed, and he wrote, "The School is very dear to me. God gave it to me by prophecy and I love every brick in the building. Only God can make me able and willing to bear burdens, and who does not know the burden of leadership, the crushing of one's spirit and the sapping of strength? I love the B.S.E.S. and those fine young people whose ear I have gained so many times and who are willing to venture by faith."

Looking back upon the arduous and dangerous journey in China he was able to write these words, "This has been a wonderful tour. We have met one hundred missionaries— every British A.O.G. missionary, thirty-five American and others of various societies. The dear people all say 'Stop longer' but we hurry on." "Have reckoned the mileage travelled so far and the total is 40,583 miles. We have covered 19,111 miles by sea, therefore 21,472 miles by land. IN THY JOURNEYING THOU SHALT NOT LACK AND IN thy soul thou shalt have satisfaction. When travelling on horseback I have had very happy times in the Spirit and often I sang in other tongues."

On the last day of 1935 he wrote in his diary, "A full year away from England, the first in my life. Adding the six months of the year previous. I have been away eighteen months. I left England trusting the promise of the Lord, that He would provide. Blessed be His Name, my needs have been fully met. How wonderful is the

experience of serving God. Sing, O my soul, and shout for joy. Twenty-six years ago I set out, by the grace of God, and have never looked back. Not a single day in all those years did I ever lose the vision of the eternal glory that lies ahead. This is the Lord's doing, He has sustained me. Keep me, O Lord, until I hear Thy call. Be to me all Thou hast been and more."

In his notes Howard tells the reason why he grew a beard in China seeing he had always been clean-shaven. "Because the Chinese inns were so indescribably filthy I could not find a clean spot to put my razor, so I decided not to shave until after the trip inland was completed. By then I had grown to love what many now despise and the parting was too dreadful. There is scarcely a man who does not admire it and hardly a woman who does. Several men admit they would like to grow a beard but their wives will not let them."

On the tour Howard was a prolific letter-writer. In the autumn of 1935 he makes this statement, "I have written nearly seven hundred letters since I set out on the journey. The tour already has exceeded in blessing anything I had anticipated. To God be the glory."

Upon their return visit to Hong Kong they were informed that the meetings had been transferred from Canton to Fat-Shan as the church was larger and the need greater. The first day there were four meetings—at 7.30, 12, 5 and 7.30. The church was generally packed for the evening services, with decisions for Christ every night, and a number testified to being healed by the Lord. After a week's meetings they went on to Tientsin by plane. The services there were held in a nice hall holding 400 people, and the pastor declared there were 105 who definitely decided for Christ in their one week's visit. Their hearts rejoiced to see doctors, lawyers, newspaper-reporters, businessmen, as well as students, kneeling and accepting Christ as Saviour.

Whilst in Tientsin Howard suddenly remembered that he had not paid for the use of his small attic room at No. 12, so he wrote to his cousin, "A few days ago I realised that my board bill at the school had not been paid for a long time—I mean the fifteen shillings I give

for my room when not at home. You should have reminded me.” In his next letter he sent fifty-eight pounds ten shillings to cover him right up to the end of the year. Fancy the principal paying for his small room when he was not occupying it and whilst he was ministering to our missionaries across the world!

Crowded and blessed meetings were held at Kalgan, North China, on the border of Mongolia, where Mr. and Mrs. Beruldsen (A.O.G. missionaries) were labouring. A goodly number of missionaries were present, some from the interior of Mongolia, to participate in the ten days’ special services with three meetings each day. Those from Mongolia said they had not seen a white face for ten months and felt a great need of fellowship. The two visitors were asked to speak at different missions in the city and it was an inspiration to see missionaries of different sects come to the services and enjoy the Pentecostal ministry.

During a day of prayer just prior to going to Kalgan Howard mentioned to the Lord a great desire in his heart to visit England the following Whitsuntide and see the members of the Bible School Evangelistic Society. He received a message from the Lord that he, along with Lester Sumrall, was to make the trip and the way they should take and the next step afterwards. At Kalgan they had their first ride upon dromedaries, Brother Beruldsen had ordered three. There were no saddles so they used travelling rugs to soften the hard line of the creature’s backbone. The further they went the more sore they became. Mrs. Beruldsen told Howard, “You cannot imagine how much your visit has meant to us all. We were longing for spiritual fellowship and ministry and it is certainly the Lord who has sent you at this time.”

The headmaster of the High School in Sha-Cheng came to an afternoon service with several of his scholars. He invited the two travellers to speak to the students at his school. There were two hundred and fifty boys and young men, and they gave good attention to the Word. Quite a number of them had yielded to the Lord the previous day at the meeting in the church.

While in North China the two of them went to Peiping (formerly Peking, oftentimes the capital of China). They ministered in several Pentecostal missions in the city. Services for some British missionaries were held in a rented picture palace centrally located, and they were well attended. Also meetings were conducted with Swedish workers and, to quote Lester Sumrall's words, "The glory of God so filled this church that at times it seemed we had passed the veil and were standing in the presence of the Almighty." A woman with spinal trouble was completely healed.

Howard was able to report that "Seventeen of the missionaries we visited on our tour received, under the blessing of God, either Gifts of Prophecy or Interpretation: also God baptised nineteen of them with the Holy Spirit. What a joy it was to hear these dear missionaries speaking in prophecy and giving interpretation to tongues, which they had never done before."

Travelling in the train from Peiping Howard conversed with a missionary from the States belonging to the Church of the Brethren. This missionary practised the indigenous principle and Howard remarked, in his letters, he had the best conception of the true indigenous church of any worker he had met. He had eight small groups besides his own station who were shepherded, controlled and supported by nationals. Some of the native buildings were very humble but the people regarded them as their own, whereas the larger and more pretentious buildings erected by missionaries were looked upon as the 'foreigners' churches'. He had established these eight small groups in four years' work and they showed signs of spiritual growth and vigour. He said that, at a recent conference ninety-six believers from these groups attended out of one hundred, whereas another man, who had followed the old method of paying native evangelists with 'foreign' money, got only fifty nationals to attend the conference out of one thousand baptised believers. He admitted that the native buildings would not compare with the other kind but the latter had failed to make the people give and to take an interest in their own work.

The two travellers had a day of prayer to prepare them for their visit to Japan, and their first meetings were held in the Bible School in Tokyo. The lectures on Spiritual Gifts were enjoyed by missionaries, students and church members. Twenty-one meetings were taken in fourteen days in Tokyo and Yokohama. Two former Hampstead students, Mr. and Mrs. John Clement were at that time our missionaries in Japan. Writing home my brother had this to say, "The Japanese are a very polite people. I bow to the congregation upon entering the church, I bow before I speak, 1 bow after I have finished. I bow several times as I take my departure from the building. If I meet anyone from the church I bow again. There are surely no stiff backs in Japan."

In Japan he was very unwell for several days; some said that he had influenza, but he exclaims, "What is so wonderful is that I have not missed a meeting. I sometimes think that if I were half-dead I would still be able to preach. The power of the Spirit has rested upon my poor weak old body and shaken it." Then he adds a word about earthquakes, "The 1923 quake shook Tokyo to the ground. They say one million people were killed. This city is always feeling slight tremors. What astonishes Mrs. Clement is that there was not one during our stay. She cannot understand it, except to say that the Lord has been good to us. We have had a remarkable tour in every way."

"What a wonderful country this is. There is no unemployment, every modern device is here, departmental stores are ultra-modern, railway stations are works of art. The country blazes with colour, thrills with energy, is amazingly clean. Sunday is not a rest day—factories, shops etc. are open as other days."

"The people have greatly appreciated our visit. They think it wonderful that a chairman should visit them. The echo of every heart is that we might stay longer, but we hurry on." They travelled over twelve-hundred miles in Japan, not counting the innumerable small journeys inside cities. "We have visited nearly every Pentecostal work in Japan. One brother said that the Sunday evening meeting

was the best ever held in Japan among Pentecostal people. A big statement!"

Their next stop was at Seoul, capital of Korea, where two former Hampstead students were labouring. Nine came forward to accept Christ on the first Sunday evening and a mentally deranged man was restored after prayer.

Their travels took them to Mukden, one of the largest cities in Manchuria. The missionary there. Brother Kvamma, had been ill previous to their arrival and had to live on a special diet. During the first service, while interpreting for Howard, all his pains vanished and from that time he ate anything he desired and suffered no ill effects. As the people came forward little pools of tears could be seen where they knelt.

"The room we have to sleep in has a concrete floor and walls. Ice forms inside the room. I have not known anything so cold ever before. I am told that this winter is more severe than any for years. . . . Preached to over 200 persons this morning, and the pastor said that about 14 came out for salvation who seemed genuine."

A brief visit to Harbin completed their visit to the Orient. While in Harbin they applied at the Russian Consulate for a transit vise to cross Russia to Poland. When the Consul learned that they were ministers of religion he informed them they would have to pay for a telegram to Moscow to obtain the permission. After waiting five days this was received and they boarded the train for their nine days' journey across Russia.

My brother learned later that the telegram was to alert the authorities so that a detective could accompany the train to keep a watchful eye upon them. Into whatsoever compartment of the train Howard happened to wander the detective, who was also their 'Intourist Interpreter', followed him, and my brother mentally designated him 'My Shadow'.

"One day I asked him, 'What do you think of the Bible?' 'It's a book of myths.' 'What do you think of Jesus Christ?' 'He never lived.' 'What do you think of a life to come?' 'There isn't one; when we die that's

the end, we die like flowers.' 'What do you think of communism?' Now he was ready to talk. For half an hour he discoursed upon the triumphs of the system."

"I said to him, 'I am a gambling man, my stakes are large. I've staked everything on the assumption that there is a life to come. By the way, you are a gambler too, you have staked all on the assumption that there is no hereafter. Suppose you are right. When you die you will receive all for which you have ever hoped, which is nothing. On the other hand, suppose I am right. When I pass from this sphere I shall live with God in glory for millions of years.' The man was convulsed with rage, I have never witnessed such violent anger."

On one occasion when the Interpreter was not about, Howard became unusually thirsty. He asked a waiter for a glass of water. The man did not understand a word of English and brought a glass full of Vodka. Howard, thinking it was water, swallowed the entire contents at one gulp, and thought he would have died. He struggled frantically for breath. In desperation he prayed for help and slowly he could breathe again. There were no after effects. This was his first, and last glass of whisky.

Crossing the Polish border they were met by a former Bible School student, who escorted them to Lodz. In this town the auditorium was packed, with an overflow meeting in another room, and several received the Holy Spirit. They also ministered in the Bible School in Danzig. While in Danzig Brother Kinderman, who is the Secretary, asked if he might bring a cousin of his for Howard to minister to her. She had been seeking healing for years and no one had been able to help her; her affliction was of eight years' standing. God healed her on the spot.

On his extensive journeys Howard had not had occasion to consult any doctor, notwithstanding the tropical heat of Java and the severe cold of Russia. He took no medicine of any kind, not even quinine. Whilst in Poland he became conscious of the fact that he had been bitten by a malaria-carrying mosquito, and the resulting fever made it difficult to minister.



They went on to Norway where a great welcome awaited them in Oslo. That apostle of Pentecost in Norway and pioneer in Britain, T. B. Barrett, came to welcome them, also a former Hampstead student. They were invited to conduct meetings in the great Filadelfia Church of 2,500 members, the greatest attendance of any church in Norway. Here Howard found it necessary to lie down between meetings because of the illness.

Then on to the Filadelfia Church in Stockholm, Sweden, with its 6,000 membership, where Lewi Pethrus was the pastor. Howard ministered with the perspiration flowing down his body. Fevers were now occurring every other day, often accompanied by delirium. The aftermath was exhaustion which left him prostrate for a few hours. At Copenhagen, Denmark, they were met by a former Hampstead student. Here he collapsed while preaching for the second time in his ministry. After that further meetings were cancelled and they took the plane to London. Thus ended their tour around the world by faith. To quote my brother's words, "We started with nothing, we returned with nothing, and we desire nothing but the privilege of proclaiming the glad news."

Upon arrival in Britain Howard was faced with the fact that the annual General Conference of the Fellowship was approaching, and as its chairman he was expected to take the chair at all the meetings. When asked what was going to happen he replied, "God must undertake for me; I can't go to the Conference with malaria."

On the Friday before he was due to travel the next day, he said "Lord, this must be the test day; if I have malaria today I shall have to write and say that I cannot attend." He had no malaria that day. He travelled on the Saturday, preached on the Sunday, took the chair at the General Conference throughout the entire week, with three meetings each day and also extra sessions. God, Who had appointed him to office as chairman, gave him a week's exemption from the fever. On the Saturday an attack came on and he took to his bed.

A tour around the British Isles had been planned and the School Matron said "You'll not be able to go." He replied, "Now don't say that, remember what God did for me during the Conference." The malaria stopped and never returned.

On June 8 to 11 four great Welcome Meetings were held in the Kingsway Hall. On the first of these, he described some of the interesting things of the tour when twenty-one different countries were visited. On the Tuesday night he gave an outline of the degrading and dangerous things seen by them—girls in China, ages 8 to 17, offered for sale from 25/- to 30/- each—a set of buildings in Japan housing three thousand prostitutes. On Wednesday night the topic was spiritual blessings of the tour—over 420 filled with the Spirit. On the last night he referred to the prophetic things connected with the tour—dealing with the various predictions given to him.

He mentioned that he had just been interviewed by a newspaper reporter who said to him, "As you have been around the world by faith you must have had some trying times, I suppose sometimes you must have been starving?" to which he had replied, "That is not living by faith, that is dying by it!"

Following these Welcome meetings in London, three months were spent visiting principal assemblies in England and Scotland. Then early in October the two travellers left by steamer for Canada, to start on what my brother felt was the second part of their tour of the mission fields. They were present at the General Conference of the Canadian Pentecostal Assemblies at Hamilton, Ontario. Howard was the evening speaker and the Lord gave him much liberty, with the result that the crowds grew larger each evening until on the last night the hall was packed. On they went to Evangel Tabernacle, Montreal. Here the pastor declared that he could not remember any meeting he appreciated more; the church was filled to overflowing. At Toronto extra chairs were placed in the aisles and the Sunday School rooms had to be opened. At this place the two travellers separated for a time, as Lester Sumrall wanted to visit his parents whom he had not seen for two years. Howard continued his ministry alone, making his way to Los Angeles, California.

The two met together again at the General Conference of Assemblies of God in Memphis, Tenn. Here also they encountered Donald Gee and they jointly sent a message of greeting to the British Fellowship.

After the Conference Howard stated that he was feeling the urge of God to visit the Latin American brethren. They attended the annual General Conference of Assemblies of God in Brazil, held at Sao Paulo. Missionaries and national workers gathered from various States, some travelling from the interior. This was the largest conference in the history of the Movement, and the nationals took charge of the Council sessions. Howard's personal talks to the ministers were received with enthusiasm. More than eighty came forward for salvation. They journeyed on to Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, where there are four Pentecostal assemblies with a combined membership of 2,050 baptized believers. The two of them went into the interior of Brazil to Bello Horizonte, to a church of six hundred members. They crossed the vast state of Matto Grosso to the city of Corumba where J. Roderick Davies was ministering, a missionary sent out and supported by Peniel Chapel, London. The national pastor testified that Howard's clear, practical Bible studies were a source of great inspiration to the church. It was the hot season and the heat was almost unbearable.

They returned across the continent to the port of Santos and embarked for Portugal. At Lisbon they were welcomed by Samuel Nystrom who had left the Brazilian work to supervise the work in Portugal. For fifteen days they travelled from place to place, covering a journey of eleven hundred miles from north to south of Portugal. Brother Nystrom said that some forty-five had taken a stand for Christ during the tour. Bidding adieu to the Portuguese Pentecostals they boarded the steamer for home.

During the Principal's absence from the country on the world tour, a meeting had been convened of the District Chairman and Executive Presbytery in 1936, and enquiries were instituted into the condition of the Hampstead Bible School, and the following announcement was published in 'Redemption Tidings'—"The Chairmen's

Presbytery, having reviewed the condition of the Hampstead Bible School in the absence of Mr. Howard Carter, are quite satisfied that there is an efficient and trustworthy staff of teachers. They therefore recommend that pastors be encouraged to send young men as students for Bible tuition.”

At another conference of the Chairmen’s Presbytery, held in 1938, the following decision was made. In order to bring about a closer liaison between the Hampstead work and the whole of the Fellowship, it was agreed to drop the name ‘Bible School Evangelistic Society’ and to call it in future ‘Assemblies of God Evangelistic Society—Hampstead.’ It was also agreed that the Hampstead School should in future be called ‘Assemblies of God Bible School—Hampstead’.

At the request of the Chairmen’s Presbytery Howard agreed to remain in the homeland until after the General Presbytery Conference at Whitsuntide. Following this, he and Lester Sumrall took an itinerary among the French assemblies. This began with two great meetings in Rouen, with 800 people in the afternoon and 1,100 in the evening. Brother and Sister Nicolle repeatedly said to them, “Why didn’t you English people bring the Pentecostal message to us sooner? In six years we have seen 400 baptised and our church has already opened eight outstations. Oh, think of those thirty years you have had the blessing.” In Le Havre there were 250 present in the afternoon and over 500 in the evening. In Paris they ministered in Brother Domoustchief’s church, a former student at Hampstead, where he had gathered a congregation of 350 people. The Marseilles assembly, where the Scotts were ministering, had 350 baptised members. The large hall was packed, with many standing in the doorway and at the windows. Then they went on to Nimes and Cannes and finally Nice. A short visit was paid to Belgium, with full meetings at Liege and Brussels; the concluding meetings of the itinerary were in Charleroi.

When in France the two visitors were invited to attend the National Conference held in August at Rouen. At the Lord’s table on Sunday morning there were between 500 and 600 believers gathered at the

Lord's table with similar numbers at two other meetings that day. There were business sessions for the French ministers each morning during the five days, and Douglas Scott said it was one of the best they had experienced in France. There was another short visit to Liege by the two brethren and then back to London.

In June 1939 there appeared in 'Redemption Tidings' the first advertisement of a new book written by Lester Sumrall entitled "Adventuring with Christ" containing the inspiring record of the wonderful experiences of Howard Carter and Lester Sumrall on their world tour. This was published by Marshall Morgan and Scott Ltd., London, and the book was quickly sold out.

# **Chapter 12, Second World War**

## **Destruction of No. 12**

The Second World War was declared in September 1939, and the first twelve months passed in these Islands without much incident, except for the evacuation of children from the large cities and the black-out and the air-raid alarms which served to remind the people that, at any time, we might expect the ambitious Fuehrer of the German people to launch his threatened attack upon us from the air, leading to an invasion of the land by his victorious legions.

It was not until August 1940 that the German planes began to drop high-explosive and incendiary bombs upon the residential areas of our great metropolis. From early September 1940 these raids became a nightly occurrence, and bombs fell all around the Hampstead Bible School in a wide circle.

On Sunday, the thirteenth of October, one of our students was just leaving the nearby Underground station when she was blown off her feet by the blast of a landmine. She pulled herself up and struggled on, and managed to arrive at No. 12. At the bottom of the steps leading to the front entrance of the School she met another student, and they stayed there a few seconds talking together. She suddenly had a strange feeling that something awful was about to happen and said to her companion, "We had better go inside, there is something coming."

She had no sooner got through the front door at the top of the steps when a high-explosive bomb came hurtling down, hitting the very spot on which she had been standing right outside the premises. The bomb, coming down at an angle, went right through the roadway and exploded in the foundations of No. 12, lifting the building by its terrific power. The house settled but the impact had rendered it uninhabitable. At the time this happened there were a number of students inside, but only one was slightly bruised, no one else was even scratched. How good the Lord is!

This was the end of No. 12. Later the local authorities completely removed every trace of the building, like a gap occasioned by the extraction of a tooth from an otherwise complete set. The furniture and even the crockery was unharmed, and was taken from No. 12 before the demolition took place, and installed in the other house at No. 87, from which the School was continued, a number of rooms and flats nearby being rented to accommodate the staff and students. Later, another house in the street— No. 77 South Hill Park—was acquired, and the classroom and dining room were installed there.

On the Thursday, following the destruction of No. 12. the same girl student who had so narrowly escaped death from the bomb on the Sunday was at the women's meeting in the Kentish Town assembly, and was engaged in reading John Chapter fourteen 'Let not your heart be troubled' etc. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the front half of the building collapsed, the remainder still hanging loosely.

There had been no air-raid warning, but an enemy plane had sneaked in, dropped a stick of bombs, and got away again. One of these had struck the building, and the women were all in the debris. The pastor of the assembly, Mr. P. L. Maudesley, tells how he was on his way to the meeting, and he passed a sweet-factory which had sustained a direct hit from one of the bombs, and fifty or more of the girls employed there had been killed. He tried to assist in any way he could in this very tragic disaster.

Arriving at his own assembly hall, he found it in the shattered condition described, but amazingly the women had all escaped with barely a scratch. Two were taken to the hospital but were not detained as they were unhurt but suffering from shock.

For something like a fortnight after this there was no water at all available in the School, the mains having been destroyed. This was a most trying experience, the students having to carry what water they could from the pond in Hampstead Heath.

One day in the early part of 1944, enemy planes dropped three cases of incendiaries, each case containing six hundred bombs, on the area all around us. At No. 77 two of these fire bombs were in the front garden, five in the back garden, one in the house entrance, and three or four in the house itself. After the planes had been driven off, two of the rooms in the house were out of use, but no one was hurt.

During this raid one of the students, a married man with a child, who was occupying a flat a few yards away, arose to make his wife a cup of tea. It was about one a.m. He filled the kettle, put it on the gas ring and was about to light the gas, when one of these incendiary bombs passed over his shoulder and hit the gas ring. That damaged gas ring was still in the garage at Kenley when Mr. Thompson left 25 years later. Several other students that night escaped by inches being struck by the fire bombs.

Early in the summer of 1944 the enemy sent over what became known as 'doodlebugs' or pilotless flying bombs, or V.l.s, which were quite terrifying. These would continue their flight until the mechanism cut out and then they would immediately drop and explode. There was frequent damage to our premises from these V.l.s. At one time they were flying over about every fifteen minutes, both day and night. During the worst of these terrible times, most of the occupants of the School buildings slept under tables in the dining room or under the kitchen table.

On July 5th that year one of the V.l.s came over the house and seemed to circle for a time, then its engine cut out and all scrambled for whatever safety they could find.

The plane seemed so low that it appeared to scrape the top of No. 77 house. In fact it must have touched the chimney of the house opposite for it rolled off the roof. Then there was a loud detonation, painfully near. For a brief moment, it seemed as though everything around was disintegrating into dust. When the dust settled it was found that all the glass of the windows had gone, some of the ceiling was down, two of the main walls had moved up two or three inches, but the house still stood, and no one was hurt. Praise the Lord!



Notwithstanding the fact that No. 12 had been completely demolished, and Nos. 77 and 87 had been under attack by incendiary bombs and damaged by a flying bomb, the initial work of training students for the work of the ministry was maintained right through the whole of the war. Several times high-explosive bombs, and on five occasions flying bombs shattered windows beside doing other structural damage, yet through it all the Lord preserved the staff and students from even minor damage. In spite of the constant dangers and great hardships, the students had no wish to leave the School. To quote the words of Elisha Thompson, 'they desired to stay lest they should miss the rich spiritual blessing we seemed to be under. It was also suggested that by remaining we might be able to help some needy soul who could not leave.'

Notwithstanding the outbreak of war and the tense atmosphere occasioned thereby, the work of the Bible School Evangelistic Society, now known as the Assemblies of God Evangelistic Society, continued its activities. In November 1939 the Annual Conference of the A.G.E.S. was held in London. Reporting upon this in 'Redemption Tidings' Mr. A. F. Missen (the present General Secretary of the Fellowship) gives his own personal impressions as a 'first-termer'—

"Monday morning, November 13th, at ten o'clock—I was just setting off from Manchester, with rather mixed feelings, to attend the A.G.E.S. Conference at Hampstead.

This was to be my first Conference. Now after three weeks have elapsed, I am writing to tell you all about it.

"To be truthful, I don't know really what I anticipated but, looking back, I can truthfully say that the meetings far exceeded all my expectations.

"One or two things impressed me greatly—first of all the absence of long and dreary business discussions. It was decided unanimously at the outset that we would give ourselves wholeheartedly to spiritual matters, and this I believe was the secret of a week of blessing. Again I was very favourably impressed by the warm fellowship; to

me not the least valuable part of my visit was the delightful walks on the Heath in company with the brethren discussing the things that really matter.

“Then following days of blessing, days of outpouring, days never-to-be forgotten. How refreshing to hear the voice of our Chairman, Howard Carter as he recounted God’s dealings with the Society in the past. We caught a little of his vision as he again presented us with our ideal—a society of young men, devoid of self-seeking, scorning pecuniary gain, on fire for God, inspired with an overpowering confidence in One Who is able to supply every need; men with one goal, one vision, one ambition—the will of god!”

Notwithstanding the war, the great Easter and Whitsuntide Conventions in 1940 continued to be held in Kingsway Hall, and also the Annual General Conference of Assemblies of God took place in Sion College, London, all under the Chairmanship of Howard Carter.

In November that year, the following announcement appeared in ‘Redemption Tidings’—“Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Maudesley have resigned from the staff of the Bible School. Mr. Maudesley was a tutor in the School and his wife was the Matron. We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Thompson will be taking their places.”

There is a note in our magazine that at the Boxing Day Convention in 1944 in Bloomsbury Chapel, London, the Chairman, Howard Carter, prayed for Miss Stacey (a member of Hampden Chapel) and she testified to being instantly healed of rheumatism from which she had suffered many years.

Over a hundred ministers and Christian workers gathered at the annual A.G.E.S. Conference held that year in Doncaster. As one wrote about it—“Day after day we felt the presence of the Spirit as the gifts of the Holy Ghost were in evidence. How thrilled we are as we listen to the testimonies of healing and deliverance.”

At the commencement of 1945 there began a series of Bible School Extension Lectures, which were held every Monday at 7.15 p.m. in a room in the Kingsway Hall, London. Different well-known Pentecostal lecturers were appointed to take these studies.

1945 witnessed the 'Coming of Age' of Assemblies of God in this country seeing it was the 21st Annual Meeting of the Fellowship inaugurated in 1924. It was also our peace-time Conference after six long weary days of war. It was a record—in attendance, in finance and in blessing. It should be noted that at this Conference Donald Gee was elected Chairman in place of Howard Carter, the latter becoming Vice-Chairman.

This year there was held in Nottingham an additional mid-winter General Conference. At this convention my brother delivered an original message based upon the price of our Lord's betrayal, thirty pieces of silver. His theme was "What is Jesus worth?" What is His value to us as believers? What price are we setting on the Son of God? What was He worth to the traitor Judas?—thirty pieces of silver! What was He worth to Pilate?—his social position! What was He worth to the rabble—to the disciples—to Mary Magdalene? What is He worth to you?

Following the 1946 Conference Howard flew to New York and on to California. A report states that he had good meetings also in Vancouver and Victoria, B.C. The next report received from him makes reference to the home-call of Charles Price. Here are some extracts which appeared in our magazine, and I quote them because of something that happened to Howard when Dr. Price was ministering in London in 1934—

"When the pastor announced that Charles Price had passed away yesterday (March 8th 1947) I was deeply moved. Could it be possible that the voice which had led so many to the Lord would never again be heard on earth? When Brother Price came to Great Britain in 1934 we were happy to include him as the chief speaker for the Whitsuntide Convention in Kingsway Hall. Those present will never forget the sweet anointing of God which accompanied his messages.

"Prior to the Convention I had been ill for some considerable time. The School Matron suggested that the Whit-Sunday appointment should be cancelled at Eltham (south east London) where I had been

invited to speak along with Brother Price. It was thought that what strength I had should be conserved for the coming week of Conference; also the responsibility of Chairmanship would be mine for the first time. However I felt the Lord would have me go, and in that very service when I rose to speak before Brother Price gave the second message, the Lord graciously and perfectly healed my body.

“That never-to-be-forgotten Sunday with Charles Price was the beginning of a new epoch in my experience. The Lord had called me to the Chairmanship of the work in the British Isles by a supernatural revelation of His purpose, and also had given me a commission to travel. It was from the sick bed that I was enabled to rise to encircle the globe in twenty-one months of continual travel.”

The next we hear of Howard's overseas ministry is in a report made by a Peruvian minister and reprinted in our magazine, from which we quote the following—

“Brother Howard Carter arrived in Lima, Peru, on the 21st November (1947) with Brother Ben Kummerfelt, who is accompanying him on his journey visiting the countries of South America. Brother Carter has now been travelling for over sixteen months. Wherever he goes, God uses him in an extraordinary way in the salvation of souls and in the edification of the church.

“For some time the Principal of our Bible Institute had been telling us about Brother Carter, of his great experience and authoritative teaching in the things of the Spirit of God. Truly we lamented that his book dealing with the Gifts of the Spirit had not been translated into Spanish.

“Workers of the Lord together with students of the Institute assembled in one of the classrooms and Brother Carter commenced his teaching upon the Gifts and Government in the Church. They asked him many questions and he took great pleasure in trying to solve the problems.

“From the very first day our heavenly Father healed sick bodies; also His Spirit was poured out, students and assembly members being baptised in the Spirit. Long before the scheduled time on the last

night the Tabernacle, seating over six hundred, began to fill, and Brother Carter expressed his joy at perceiving the deep hunger of the Peruvian brethren for the deeper things of the Holy Scriptures." They departed the next day for ministry in Chile.

My brother took everybody's breath by turning up most unexpectedly at the Annual General Conference held in the Y.M.C.A. at Skegness in 1948, having flown from Oregon, California, to this country. Henry Wiggins had been planned to speak to the Conference on the Thursday morning but he very kindly gave place to the Vice-Chairman. At this Conference it was decided to abolish the permanent office of Chairmanship and to elect annually a Chairman for the period of the General Council only.

Howard was on the platform of the London Whitsuntide Convention held in the Kingsway Hull, and he related some reminiscences of ministry in far-off lands during recent times.

## **Chapter 13, Howard Relinquishes The Work His Marriage**

It was in July 1948 that Howard decided to take the great step of handing over the whole of the work to his friend, George Newsholme, who became the new Overseer of the B.S.M.A. and Principal of the Hampstead Bible School. It was he who convened the annual A.G.E.S. Conference that year at Sunderland. Brother W. T. H. Richards, who was now the Secretary of the Society, reported the blessing of the Conference in our magazine.

“The Conference was a success in every way. Between 170 and 200 attended the Conference sessions—more than forty above last year’s number and more than one hundred over the year previous. Hebron Tabernacle was packed to capacity for the nightly rallies, with seats in the aisle and folk standing. Souls were saved, healed and backsliders restored. The guest speaker was John Nelson Parr. His message lasted for three-and-a-half hours and not a soul was bored. A letter was received from Howard Carter expressing his wish for the success of the Conference. It was unanimously decided to write voicing appreciation of his work in the A.G.E.S. during the past years.”

In 1946 John Wallace in Bristol felt it was the leading of the Lord to inaugurate a Period Bible School, to act as a refresher course for Christian workers. The following year he received a gift of two thousand pounds to launch a permanent School in Bristol. With this money a suitable property situated on Durdham Downs was purchased and opened in October. Upon learning of the project Howard wrote a congratulatory letter to John Wallace. As the latter said, “There is no spirit of competitiveness, only of cooperation.”

The following are extracts from an Editorial which appeared in our official organ concerning the opening of the Bristol School—

“All who value the importance of Bible instruction will rejoice in the opening of another establishment where the inspiration and infallibility of the Word of God are taught, and students are so trained

that they will inspire others with faith in the absolute authority of the sacred Scriptures. We have no hesitation in affirming that the ungodliness and iniquity in our land is due to the nation's departure from God's Word.

"It is an appalling fact that, in the majority of our denominational colleges today, as well as in other scholastic institutions, modernism and higher and textual criticism of the Scriptures are inculcated into the students, so that the pulpits are mainly filled with men whose rationalistic views are undermining the faith of their congregations.

"Under the Principalship of Brother Howard Carter, the Hampstead Bible School has maintained a firm stand for the whole Word of God for the past twenty-seven years and was at one time the only Pentecostal Bible School in the country; since then others have been opened. The London School is filled to overflowing with students for the new term, so that this new School will meet a real need in Assemblies of God."

Then appeared in our magazine dated 20th January 1950 an announcement about the transference of the Hampstead Bible School to Kenley. It was from the pen of George Newsholme, the recently appointed Principal of the work. He wrote—

"For some time now it has been the desire of the Hampstead Bible School to acquire more suitable and commodious premises in which students of our Fellowship can be trained for ministry at home and abroad, and where a welcome can be extended to visiting friends. Sunday night, the 13th October 1940, was a tragic one when a bomb from an enemy plane put an end forever to the building. Since then the work has been carried on under severe restrictions at No. 87 and later at No. 77 South Hill Park, Hampstead, London.

"At long last, after viewing over forty houses with a view to purchase and suffering many disappointments, a building has been purchased on the outskirts of London, in Kenley, Surrey. It has an attractive setting, standing in about one acre of well-kept grounds in what is known locally as 'miniature Switzerland'. The house itself is

spacious, has central heating, hot and cold water throughout and all the usual facilities which are associated with such premises.

“This venture of faith we believe to be of God, therefore we earnestly covet the prayers of all who are interested in the future of the Bible School.”

When sending out his Leaders’ Letter No. 520 relative to this newly-acquired property, W. T. H. Richards, the A.G.E.S. Secretary had this to say—

“For some considerable time prayer has gone up to the throne concerning premises suitable for a Bible School, and at long last a hotel has been bought for ten thousand pounds. This is a bold venture, especially when it is realised that both houses at Hampstead, when sold, will not come anywhere near the price. However the contract has been signed and we look to Him Who can supply all needs to undertake in this matter. The date for moving into the new School will be the third of February.

“And so we are about to say ‘Farewell’ to Hampstead. Many of us have precious memories of No. 12 and No. 87, and we certainly cherish the experiences of our student days. I shall never forget them for it was at No. 12 that God gave me an unmistakable call through the gifts of the Spirit. I can see myself now, kneeling under the study table with pen in hand writing very quickly upon a piece of paper the interpretation of a message in other tongues.

That message was dear and definite. I have the paper today—now almost fourteen years old.

“Hundreds of young men will ever thank God for Howard Carter and Hampstead Bible School. Looking back through the years one can say with deep gratitude ‘What hath God wrought!’ Whilst we still thank God for a Hampstead experience, we must not be sentimental and harbour the thought that God cannot bless in a place other than Hampstead, for this would be foolish. Looking back and considering the glory, the revelations and the exploits of Hampstead, we rejoice. Now the cloud is moving and we must move with it.”



One of our pastors describes his first year as a student in the new premises at Kenley—

“It was my God-given privilege to spend a year in this School and I want to pass on to you some observations upon it. To discover the location of a thought-provoking, mind-opening, heart-searching, will-moving presentation of Scriptural truth, you need search no further than the Hampstead Bible School at Kenley. In one lecture the types of the Tabernacle sparkle in the brilliance of Holy Ghost illumination, and in the next The Life of our Lord, whilst defying comparison, activates one’s aspirations. Whether the epistle to Romans, Christ’s coming, Foundation Truths or Spiritual Gifts, each study drops with unction, and leaves all refreshed.

“What blessing we are enjoying when morning prayers exceed their allotted time, when the lecture closes with prophecy, and the dining-room at supper time resounds with choruses, hallelujahs and speaking in tongues. I have talked with students and ex-students of other British Bible Schools and, taking all into consideration, I say without hesitation ‘Nowhere could I have spent the year more profitably than in the Hampstead School at Kenley.’”

The General Conference 1951 decided to recognise the Kenley Bible School as the official School of the Fellowship and appointed a Board of Governors, who invited Donald Gee to become the Principal and he consented. The date fixed for the inauguration of the new regime was September 18th, and until that date the School continued under its Principal George Newsholme. The Bristol Bible College merged with the Kenley work, and the Matron of the Bristol institution became Matron of the New Assemblies of God School.

In ‘Redemption Tidings’ dated August 3rd. Donald Gee as the newly-appointed Principal drafted an article, and we include some extracts —

“The name of Howard Carter will always be remembered with love and esteem for his great work in the old Hampstead Bible School from the day he took it over from the P.M.U. in 1921 until his resignation from the Principalship in 1948. Many of our leading

brethren today, in this and other lands, look back on formative years spent there with deep gratitude to God.

“The wonderful gesture of the Principals of the Hampstead Bible School and the Bristol Bible College in offering their personally conducted Schools to the General Council of Assemblies of God, to be merged into one official Bible School owned and governed by the General Council, has stirred all our hearts. We owe a great debt to George Newsholme and John Wallace that heaven itself will repay.

“The Conference appointed an interim Board of Governors who, at a special meeting on June 15th extended an invitation to the writer to become the Principal, and he felt a strong witness of the Spirit that he should accept. Our aim will be, by God’s grace, to keep the School constantly under the touch of God. The forming and strengthening of Christian character will be foremost. We shall be unswervingly ‘Pentecostal’.”

The meeting celebrating the official opening on September 18th was crowded. Visitors came from far and near. “The whole meeting was impregnated with the influence of one person who was not present—Howard Carter. His name was always spoken lovingly and with gratitude. Warmest tributes were paid again and again to his selfless, sacrificial life which has exerted so powerful an effect upon our Fellowship and for which we shall always be glad and grateful. Though many, many miles away, lie seemed inseparably associated with the great event which we were now celebrating.” These words came from the pen of David Owen reporting the opening.

Principal, Teaching Faculty and Matron knelt in solemn dedication as hands were laid on them by the Board of Governors. The new Bible School had arisen upon a foundation of past sacrifices. It possesses a heritage of worthy traditions and is pledged to be true to the highest loyalties.

At the A.G.E.S. Conference that year at Rotherham, the only business transacted was the winding up of the Society which, with the passing of the Bible School from private hands into official status, was felt to have served its purpose. “We remembered with gratitude

the part played in many of our lives by the Hampstead Bible School and the A.G.E.S. Appreciations were expressed of blessing and inspiration received through the ministry of Howard Carter, whose spiritual vision and faith have done so much to help so many who are now in the work of the Lord.” Reported by Aaron Linford.

Although the General Conference had voted to take over the fine premises at Kenley (valued then at £10,000), the property still stood legally in the name of George Newsholme, to whom it had been conveyed by my brother. The legal transfer to Assemblies of God could not be effected until the Bank mortgage—of £3,250—had been cleared. This meant that Brother Newsholme was personally responsible to the Bank for the repayment of this sum. The attention of the Fellowship was drawn to this situation by an announcement in our official organ. It is, therefore, refreshing to read that at the College Open Day in 1954 the above-mentioned debt had been completely cleared in less than three years.

During 1951 Howard was kept busy ministering in the Pentecostal Assemblies in Western Canada. He was back in this country the following year (1952) and was among the speakers who addressed crowded audiences at the General Conference, at which time the writer combined his official duties as General Secretary with those of Conference Chairman. Addressing the General Conference, Howard began his message by saying, “It is a great pleasure to return to the British Isles after my wanderings abroad. It is here in this country that I have given the greater part of my ministry, as many of you know. Now it would appear that the Lord has granted me a little release to travel abroad. I hope to go to India for August or September of this year to visit the missionaries.”

In the course of his address he referred to one of his meetings in England when a woman received the Holy Spirit while he was preaching about the Baptism in the Spirit. “As I was speaking a woman fell off the seat and dropped to the floor like a log. Her husband jumped up and said, ‘Fetch a doctor.’ ‘She does not need a doctor,’ I said. It was the first time they had seen a person receive the Holy Ghost. When she came round and opened her eyes her

husband said, 'Are you feeling better, dear?' 'Oh,' she said, 'it was wonderful.' 'What was wonderful?' 'I have seen the Lord on the cross,' and she was speaking fluently in tongues."

Howard ministered also at the Easter Convention at Preston, and after spending the summer in England he left for Algiers, the Middle East and India. We find this short report in World 'Pentecost'—"Howard Carter spent some profitable days with the Pentecostal church in Jerusalem before proceeding to India. He has been visiting mission stations in South India and Ceylon."

We now come to the marriage of my brother to Mrs. Ruth Steelberg on October 14th 1955. This took place at Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City, the service being conducted by Elder Minister David McDowell, a former Assistant-General Superintendent of the American Assemblies of God.

Howard first met his future wife in 1934 when he was ministering in California at the Camp Meeting there, and later in the church of which her husband, Wesley Steelberg, was pastor at Sacramento, California: In the years that followed he was a frequent guest, first in their home at Philadelphia where Wesley Steelberg was for many years Pastor of the 'Highway Tabernacle', and later in Springfield, Mo., after Mr. Steelberg had been elected Assistant-General Superintendent and finally General Superintendent of Assemblies of God in America.

Mr. Steelberg travelled to the third World Pentecostal Conference which was held in London in 1952, but during the Conference he was taken ill and died very tragically and unexpectedly in the home of Percy Brewster in Cardiff. He was known to many in this country through his radio ministry of 'Revivaltime'.

It was in March 1955 that Howard again met Mrs. Steelberg in the home of Lester Sumrall in South Bend, Indiana. Before they parted, Howard going westwards and she eastwards for ministry, the Lord made it clear that they were to share their future life together.

Ruth Steelberg was the daughter of one of the early leaders in Pentecost, her father having been filled with the Holy Spirit early in

1906 when he was pastor of a Baptist Church in California.

In 'Redemption Tidings' of July 13th 1956 our editor printed the following announcement: "The Executive Council authorise the taking up of an offering at the General Conference for a wedding gift to Howard Carter as an expression of the high esteem in which he is held by the Fellowship in this country for his many years of faithful service. We are happy to announce that the offering totalled £45 16s. 3d. Upon learning of this kind gesture, Brother Carter has sent the following letter of appreciation asking that it might be published in our official organ.

"Dear Friends, The unexpected kindness and generosity you have shown us upon our union in marriage has greatly cheered my dear wife and me. The memory of former sweet fellowship with you all is counted a sacred thing and to know that we are not forgotten by you inspires us in heart, even as your practical gift enriches us in the opportunity to serve others. You are always in my thoughts and we hope, in the will of God, to visit England after we have fulfilled the purpose of the Lord in these parts, so that you may all meet the one whom God has sent to help me in His glorious service. May the blessing of heaven be multiplied to you in every way and the smile of the Lord be your portion continually. With every good wish, Yours gratefully on behalf of my wife and myself." (Signed) Howard Carter.

The newly-weds left America to begin a two-years' tour around the world. They ministered in nearly all the churches in the four islands of Hawaii, where there was great blessing and many filled with the Spirit. Fiji received a brief visit from them as they proceeded across the Pacific Ocean, finally reaching New Zealand. They preached with blessing in all the assemblies (except one) during the six months of their stay in that country, as indicated by a report which appeared in World 'Pentecost' dated June 1956, "Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cartel are ministering with much blessing in Assemblies of God in New Zealand."

Crossing to Australia they were speakers at the annual Camp Meeting in Queensland and also at the Melbourne Camp Meeting,

and preached in all the assemblies in Australia (except one). While in Australia they received an urgent appeal for ministry in Singapore and Malaya, as no one had been filled with the Spirit, to their knowledge, in the past twenty-five years. They had already agreed to go to Ceylon but while in prayer they both felt impressed to accept the invitation to Singapore, but they asked the Lord to indicate what His will was.

At that time God allowed a rumour to circulate in Ceylon to the effect that an evangelist of international reputation was proposing to visit this country. In the light of this the brethren in Ceylon wrote suggesting that Howard and Ruth might defer their planned visit, provided they would give them a promise that the engagement would not be cancelled. Through this the Lord intimated to them both His will and they proceeded to Singapore. God so blessed their ministry that the assemblies in Singapore and Kuala Lumpur received a blessed Pentecostal outpouring and many Chinese young people were baptised in the Holy Spirit. Since that time the assemblies there have moved forward in great Pentecostal power and blessing.

From there they went to India, with a stopover in Burma, ministering over the Easter season, God honouring His Word in the salvation of souls and filling a large number with the Holy Ghost. For several months they ministered on the hills to the many missionaries who had gone there for holidays and to escape the summer heat of the plains. There were services every evening attended by missionaries from other denominations and many received the Pentecostal experience.

Their promised visit to Colombo, Ceylon, coincided with a mysterious and tragic happening of national importance. It concerned the strange death of a Spirit-filled man who was high in Government circles and was a prominent member of the Pentecostal church. This event could have acted as a great hindrance to the assembly and injured the testimony permanently, but it seemed that the Lord had providentially arranged for Howard and Ruth to be on the spot at that very time. God overruled in the meetings and after a few days the church was filled, and the Lord manifested Himself in miracles of

healing and Holy Ghost baptisms. They visited almost all the Pentecostal assemblies in Ceylon and had a united meeting with the members of the various denominational bodies. God did great things during their stay in that country.

After Ceylon they were for two months in Franco when an interpreter travelled with them and they ministered with great blessing in many of the Pentecostal assemblies, most of which had come into existence through the pioneer efforts of Douglas Scott. In most places souls were won for Christ and believers baptised in the Spirit.

After a short visit to England they returned to the United States and learned of the arrival of a cable from New Zealand asking them to pastor the First Assembly of God in Auckland. Feeling this to be the will of the Lord they accepted the invitation and remained there in pastoral ministry for two years, exercising a consolidating ministry.

Twelve further months of ministry followed in the United States and then there was another visit to England. They attended the General Conference in 1961 where both were welcomed into the business sessions, and Howard addressed the Conference on the Monday evening. Later in the same year they were the special Guest Speakers at the Home Missions Evangelistic Conference held in Bristol in September. The General Council, at its next year's Conference, made Howard a permanent life-long member of the British Fellowship, in recognition of his great work as one of the founder members of Assemblies of God in this country, an honour that had not been conferred previously. After a few years of ministry among our British assemblies, they returned to their home in Springfield, Missouri.

On April 12th 1966 Howard, alone in the car that belonged to them both, narrowly escaped death when it skidded off the road. He was crossing over a bridge where there had been some repairs, and apparently his wheel must have struck a projection and this threw the car into a violent skid. He was doing about sixty miles per hour, but as the road was clear he felt he could eventually rectify things. However the motor left the road and raced across a field toward

some tall trees. The ground was soft and this helped to reduce the speed somewhat, but he saw that if he hit the trees he would have little hope. All the time he was praying and remained perfectly calm and cool. The Lord undertook and instead of colliding with the trees as he feared, he went into some smaller trees or bushes growing alongside a stream. The impact completely wrecked the car, but he walked out through where the windscreen had been, with hardly a bruise. The car was a total write-off and a man on the road, who witnessed it all, said that he did not expect anyone would come out of that wreck alive.

In a very short time after this harrowing experience, Howard was again very close to death. It was while Ruth was driving him to their next preaching appointment, only two weeks after the above affair. On the journey he complained of severe abdominal pains which increased in severity until he told Ruth he must get out of the car. She told him that he must not do so as they were passing over a high altitude and the atmosphere was bitterly cold, and he might contract a chill if he left the warmth of the car. Once over this high ground she would put on speed and get him to the motel for which they were making. When they eventually arrived at the motel, she did all she could to ease his agony by means of hot-water bottles. Apparently it was prostate-gland trouble and his condition deteriorated. He was determined to fulfil the appointments in the local Pentecostal church, so Ruth helped him to dress each day and got him to the meetings. Back in the motel after each meeting he would go to bed and stay there until the time of the next service, but it was obvious that he was seriously ill. Ruth wanted him to see a doctor but he refused. Alarmed at his condition she eventually called in a doctor who rushed him immediately to the hospital, where she was told that another hour would have been too late to save his life. The operation was performed and after four weeks he was released, and he ministered the first Sunday he was out of the hospital.

The British Fellowship was greatly shocked by a very sudden and tragic event which befell the Principal of the Bible College at Kenley, Surrey. At Christmas 1965 Robert Barrie died unexpectedly when



visiting a daughter in Manchester, England. He had served as College Principal for only four terms and had told no one of the heart trouble he had been having. There was a very large funeral service in Bethshan Tabernacle, Manchester, where he had been a co-pastor for a number of years. After the service the writer of this book was approached about filling the gap at Kenley until a principal could be appointed at the General Conference in May—four months. He agreed to do so and assumed office as Acting-Principal at the request of the Board of Governors. The anomalous position was that he was serving as a member of the Board of Governors while Acting-Principal!

The Board met to nominate a principal, in accordance with our constitution at that time, and they approached me with a view to bringing forward my name. I said I was prepared for this, provided they would allow me to invite my brother Howard to act as resident-tutor and Ruth to be the matron. This was unanimously agreed by the Board and at the General Conference the appointment was confirmed.

It was a novel turn of events. Forty years before Howard had invited me to join him on the staff at Hampstead where he was principal. Now I was inviting him to come from America to join me on the staff at Kenley with myself as principal. How remarkable are the ways of the Lord!

They arrived and settled in at Kenley, and it was soon evident that Ruth with her long and practical experience was an ideal matron. Howard quickly endeared himself to the fine group of young people, and interested and inspired them as he drew upon his long and varied experiences to illustrate the truth of God's Word. Because of his unique style of lecturing, employing the conversational method, the students gave him the title of 'the-do-it-yourself' tutor.

We were all happy when the Lord graciously allowed me to be re-elected at the 1968 Conference for a further two-years' period as principal. Howard was enjoying his stay in the college and his health was remarkably good. However, before the next Conference in 1969,

the deterioration in his wife's physical condition constrained him to resign his position as resident-tutor and they both returned to Springfield, U.S.A.

## Chapter 14, Death and Tributes

Howard and Ruth continued to minister but it was mainly in the local assemblies in and around Springfield, with occasional meetings further afield. I was privileged to spend a week with them in their home in July 1970, not realising that this would be the last time I would see Howard alive. His health still appeared to me to be good but there were indications that his age, now 79, was catching up with him. Nevertheless he was still eager for God's work, and he made the suggestion that I went and lived with them in Springfield, and proposed that the two of us should go about together holding special services in America.

Notwithstanding, it came as a shock to receive the information over the telephone on Saturday afternoon, January 23rd 1971, that Howard had died very suddenly. I learned from Ruth that on the Monday previous he had awakened with the appearance of a slight stroke, affecting his mouth, hands and speech, but she says that in a couple of days all evidence of this had completely disappeared.

Regarding Howard's last day on earth we will quote the words of Ruth—"On the day of his release, January 22nd, he had seemed very well and had a busy day. He walked some distance to see a pastor friend, then quite a long way back to the library where he spent the rest of the morning. In the afternoon he went on a bus to our Assemblies of God headquarters to see someone. In the evening he went to a nearby 'House of Prayer' and ministered on 'Labour in the Word'.

"He came home about 10 p.m. and said he felt a severe pain in his chest that started as he left the hall, such as he had only experienced once before years ago when he had an attack of indigestion. He felt it must be indigestion again. I thought I should call our daughter and turned to the telephone. Upon hearing a strange sound I rushed back to his side, praying and speaking to him. I soon realised his ears were not hearing nor his eyes, still open, seeing. His release had come just as he had often said he hoped it would, that he might be in active ministry to the end."

The time was Friday evening but by British time it was Saturday morning, so Howard had his release on the same day as Brother W. F. P. Burton in South Africa— two apostles entered heaven the same day.

The funeral service of my brother took place on January 26th at Springfield, Missouri, U.S.A. Philip Wannenmacher, pastor of the Central Assembly in Springfield, read the Scripture and gave the eulogy. Noel Perkin, who had known Howard for a full half century, made fitting remarks and led in prayer. David Rees-Thomas, pastor of Evangel Temple, Springfield, who was brought into Pentecost under Howard's ministry in New Zealand, also paid his sincere respects. F. R. Barnes, who was touring the States, was able to represent the British Fellowship, and he preached the funeral message. "It was a beautiful, victorious and tasteful service," wrote R. T. McGlasson, Foreign Missions Secretary of American Assemblies of God, "we were all very conscious of the presence of the Lord as we paid our final tributes to a man of God who has been a true patriarch in the faith."

Lester Sumrall, co-labourer with my brother for many years, was prevented from attending the funeral by severe flooding in his part of the country. The interment was in Greenlawn Cemetery, Springfield.

"Like the warrior and conqueror who welcomes the news His commander has issued the word of 'release!'

RELEASED from the body with its energy spent,

RELEASED from all toiling at the close of life's day."

—Warren Anthony

Our Executive Council had planned that the key of the new General Office premises at Nottingham should be turned by Howard on Saturday, May 8th, but because of his decease the ceremony was performed by his brother. Ruth, his widow, was present at the occasion and ministered in the great evening service on the subject 'Vision' concluding her message with a comment from David

Newington that 'Howard Carter was a man who had put more into the movement than he had taken out'.

A joint Memorial Service was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, on Friday, 12th February 1971 to honour the memory of Howard Carter, principal of the former Hampstead Bible School 1921 to 1948 and chairman of the British Assemblies of God 1934 to 1945, and William F. P. Burton, co-founder and director of the Congo Evangelistic Mission 1915 to 1971. Hundreds of people gathered to honour these two warriors of Christ who went to their reward within a few hours of each other.

The chairman was G. J. Williamson (principal of Kenley Bible College), the choir was composed of the College students, the soloist was E. J. Shearman (Board of Governors), and tributes to Howard Carter were paid by A. F. Missen (General Secretary), E. C. Dando (Executive Council), R. Fairnie (Board of Governors), W. B. Hawkins (Overseas Missions Council), Elisha Thompson (former tutor Hampstead and Kenley), and H. W. Greenway (Executive Elim Churches).

Tributes to W. F. P. Burton were given by two of his co-workers in the C.E.M., J. Robinson and F. J. Emmett. At a later date a special memorial service was held at Preston to honour the memory of Brother Burton.

The preacher at the Metropolitan Tabernacle service was David Powell, pastor of the Rotherham Assembly of God. He took for his text "A prince and a great man is fallen this day" (2 Samuel 3.38), and he suggested revising the text to read "A prince and a great man is elevated from among us." He rejoiced that he had been privileged to spend a week last year in the home of Howard and Mrs. Carter in Springfield, U.S.A., and he recalled with emotion the very blessed time of fellowship and prayer spent with him; how moved he had been when, on the day they parted, Howard had prayed for him in the motor car. He declared that he owed more, under God, to this man than to anyone else on earth.

“Howard Carter was a great man. He was great in character. He knew what it meant to be ‘a com of wheat which fell into the ground and died’ for Howard Carter had died to himself. When I entered the Hampstead Bible School one of the first things that impressed me was his great humility; walking behind him I saw that his heels were worn down, he was ‘down at the heel’. Principalship did not make him big-headed but large-hearted.

“He was a transparent man. I have known him intimately for thirty-eight years and have served with him on committees and watched him in our General Council meetings, but I never heard him say a word behind another’s back that he would not have spoken to his face. His whole life was fashioned by the revelation of God. He was great in his spiritual character. He was able to trust God in an uncommon way because he lived near to God.

“Howard Carter was also a prince. Some princes are not great men in character, but he was a prince. He knew what it was to exercise spiritual authority. ‘Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven.’ We must be great in character if we are to be great in authority. The anointing will not make us great, it is character that will make us princes with God. Mr. Carter was not a magnet attracting people to himself but he was a transmitter of Christ. He caused the Word of God to penetrate the hearts of those who listened to him. When I sat as a student in No. 12 he caused God’s Word to bum in me as he talked to us each day, he planted the Word in me.

“Mr. Carter possessed powers of Divine perception. When I went to Hampstead I had only been saved eighteen months, and I knew nothing whatever about homiletics. The dear brethren who were there did not think much of my examination papers, but Howard Carter had faith in me and sent me out to take charge of an assembly after only a few months’ tuition. He launched me out upon God.

“Then I call to mind those days of prayer at the School, and I have never departed from them. The principles he inculcated have never

left me. He had a princely anointing, and his princely character and consecration did not flag unto the end.”

We now quote from tributes which appeared in a special memorial number of ‘Redemption Tidings’ dated the fifteenth day of April 1971. First of all we cull extracts from a tribute by Alfred F. Missen (General Secretary) written on behalf of the Executive Council—

“It was recorded of David that ‘after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep.’ The same can be said of Howard Carter. Those who were associated with the Hampstead Bible School, a school sustained by the personal faith and vision of Howard Carter and imbued by his spirit, were soon made aware of its motto which reflected the faith of its founder: ‘Lord Jesus, grant that I may ever love Thee more than Thy service and may I never forget the all-important truth that to be in Thy will is better than success.’ It was by that will of God that he served his own generation.

“We honour the memory of a founder-member of Assemblies of God, a man who was its chairman for eleven years, who convened its General Conference on no less than ten occasions, who served on its Executive and Overseas Missions Councils for over twenty-five years.

“We remember Howard Carter as the Principal of the Bible School which exerted such an influence upon our movement in its early days. What a great procession of men came from this school to enrich the ministry of our Fellowship. Many of these good brethren are with us today and pastoring fine churches in Assemblies of God.

“We remember Howard Carter as the inspiration of the Bible School Evangelistic Society which was the forerunner of Home Missions. In those early days a number of our assemblies were established by the evangelistic genius of Stephen Jeffreys but others were established by the pioneer labour of young men who went out from the Bible School to do a work for God.

“We remember Howard Carter as the Director of the Bible School and Missionary Association, an enterprise which reflected his own

vision and, at the same time, remained loyal and subservient to the wider Fellowship of Assemblies of God.

“Howard Carter was a great personality. It is difficult now to recapture the effect of his presence in meetings, especially in the London area, in the early days. The Friday night rallies in Sion College drew great crowds week by week and were a means of blessing to many hundreds of God’s people. He also had the ability to attract individuals; men like C. L. Parker, Harold Horton, T. J. Jones, Cyril Duxbury, Reg Boughton, G. T. Shearman, Stuart Snoxell and Thomas Parfitt were men who were greatly influenced by him, besides many others in the succeeding generation.

“Howard Carter was a man of genius. Life teemed with interest for him. He was well informed on an infinite variety of subjects. His fertile brain was always seeking out for something new in so many spheres. His inventive genius kept him ever busy. He was capable of great industry himself and he expected to see this in others. One had to live near him to realise just how persuasive he could be.

“Howard Carter was a man of the Spirit. There was never any doubt that he was Pentecostal. A visit to an assembly by him, even for one night, almost inevitably finished with a receiving meeting and many thousands were brought into the blessing of the Pentecostal experience by his encouragement and laying on of hands. How earnestly he contended for the supernatural nature of spiritual gifts. He loved the supernatural. Those who attended the B.S.E.S. Conferences will never forget the testimony times when young men were urged to tell of miraculous interventions in their lives and ministries.

‘He was a man of faith. It was faith in God alone that kept the doors of the Bible School open. At times when it seemed inevitable that things must fold up, God miraculously and marvellously intervened and supplied the needs. Howard Carter had a very simple faith that God would never see him put to shame and God never did despite severe testings. It was faith in God that enabled him to purchase considerable property in different parts of the country. It was faith in



God that took him round the world with Lester Sumrall. He demonstrated his faith by his stand for divine healing, despite frequent attacks of malaria. Because he believed God, nothing would persuade him from sleeping in his little attic room in London during some of the worst bombing raids. Faith to him was something to be practised as well as preached.

“Howard Carter was an encourager of young men. As Principal of the School he accepted material that others despised and, through his Evangelistic Society, sent out young men who were far from promising to situations which seemed impossible. The amazing thing was that so many won through and established assemblies to the glory of God. As Chairman of the Movement he methodically visited the assemblies; none were too small or too remote to be included in his itinerary.

“Howard Carter was not perfect. No man of genius is perfect, but neither are lesser men. He was, however, God’s channel of blessing to thousands of individual believers, to the Fellowship of Assemblies of God and to the wider out-reaches of the Pentecostal testimony. The name ‘Carter’ will always have an honoured place in the history of Assemblies of God. Howard Carter is taken from us, John Carter remains with us. What a great debt of gratitude we owe to these two men who, in very different ways have both made an outstanding contribution to our Fellowship.”

Elisha Thompson wrote about “Life at No. 12” when paying his tribute to the memory of my brother and we give an abridgment.

“For two and a half years I had spent hours seeking the baptism of the Spirit in bitter tears. Suddenly, and very unexpectedly, I found myself sharing a room with Mr. Carter. Within a few hours, with only two others present, he gave one of those utterances in the Spirit we came to treasure so much. Even today I clearly remember every word. ‘Know that the Lord will surely grant thy request. He delighteth to give that which thou hast asked. Understand this that He hath heard thy cry, He hath listened that He may answer. Thou art in the dark for a time, for a time only shall it be thus, that thou mayest the

more appreciate the light. In His purpose shall He bring thee forth into the light.'

"It may be that this played a larger part than I realised in finally guiding my steps to the Bible School in Hampstead. It was not always easy and I, for one, shed many tears but as we watched Mr. Carter's calm confidence in the Lord under all circumstances, we were deeply moved and inspired to try to follow the pathway he trod. Students went out to face temptations such as we have seen break men of God who were much older and had a wider experience. Today these are forever thanking God that He raised up one like Howard Carter to open a door for them.

"It was not just we who lived with him at No. 12 who were amazed at the life of this unusual man of God, but the time came when it captured the headlines of much of the English press. The Evening News of the 9th June 1936 carried the headlines, 'Defying death on a 60,000 mile world tour.' Then still in bold type, 'A London man's two years' adventure.' 'Facing armed bandits without arms.' 'Missing death by inches.' I seem to remember another London paper headed, 'London man tours the world with £5.' The press were going wild to get his story yet he did all he could to avoid them. For days we in the office were being pressed by phone and callers to help them to get something of the story. If we gave them any hint as to where he would be speaking they were there, but Mr. Carter would slip out through a back door and thus avoid them.

"Perhaps he shone brightest during times of disappointment and struggles. On more than one occasion the Lord snatched some very promising young man from our midst. It seemed almost to break him and you could feel him echoing the words of Elisha of old 'And the Lord hath not told me.' Greatly perplexed and troubled such things only drove him closer into the arms of the Lord.

"Suddenly on Sunday the 13th October 1940 No. 12 was wrecked by a bomb. No words can quite describe the meeting between Mr. Carter and myself soon after this. No. 12 had been his entire world and he felt the Lord was now rebuking him for this. He was still very

confident that Britain needed just such a Bible School and the Lord would provide for it. He did, but how he did it will ever amaze me. It was some weeks later, when it had become clear even to me that the Lord intended to keep the school going. We were in the school office and Mr. Carter began to rub his hands together, as he often did when excited, and exclaimed, 'Brother Thompson, God is with us.' He certainly was. I am sure there was no other Bible School anywhere in Europe which overcame the many problems and remained operative throughout that war.

"For many years I kept not only the school books but had a great deal to do with Mr. Carter's personal account. Frequently, when his own account increased to about £70 I would find a note on my desk asking me to transfer £50 of it to the school account. So easy did it seem for him to trust the Lord for cash that he often gave away large sums. When he finally left the school he freely gave everything over to his successor, both money and property."

This "Tribute from Elim" came from the pen of W. Ronald Jones, President of the Elim Pentecostal Churches for that year, and was reprinted in our magazine by permission of the Elim Evangel—

"I first had the privilege of meeting Howard Carter in 1940. He was the Principal of the Hampstead Bible School, which was known to students at 'No. 12'. It was his school, brought to birth because of his vision. My first impressions of him as a man of God have become my lasting impressions. First and foremost he loved his Saviour with all his being. This was reflected in all that he said and did. It was impossible to be in his presence very long without feeling that your own love for the Master was not quite what it should be.

"Things were not easy in 1940. London was being heavily bombed and food was rationed, but Howard Carter was a man of simple faith—the kind that encouraged others to believe. When he was around you felt safer, for he was an inspirer of men, particularly young men.

"During that very year 'No. 12' was bombed and the road leading to it was shut off, but German bombs were not able to bring to naught the

result of this man's vision. As a result of the tremendous work of such stalwarts as Elisha Thompson the school continued at No. 87.

"Sion College was the Friday night date for all Hampstead students in those days. It was the night of London's weekly Pentecostal convention—the night of the giants (and the dwarfs!). Pentecostal leaders like Smith Wigglesworth, John Carter and Donald Gee were often among the preachers, while poor, fearful students were also included in the programmes. I recall the night of lost sleep which preceded my first and only student sermon at Sion. There was always an excited expectancy when we knew that Howard Carter was to be the speaker. It all seemed simple, easy, yet so vital and real. I was always intrigued by the coloured cards he used in his Bible and came to the conclusion that it must have been part of his sermon note system. There was a softness about his voice that captivated me and that slight impediment added to the vocal attraction.

"For many years Howard Carter graced the Assemblies of God Annual Conference as its chairman. His remarkable gift of wise, inspiring leadership was quickly in evidence. Tense conference situations were often avoided because of his gracious spirit.

"His outstanding contribution to the great work of Assemblies of God can never be humanly assessed, but this much can be said: many Assemblies of God ministers and missionaries and many ministers in other Pentecostal movements found their way into the work of the Lord because of this man's love for young people and his desire to help them in their preparation for the ministry.

"Howard Carter was a big man with a big vision. It was inevitable that he would become a world figure in Pentecost. I suppose he ministered in almost every country where the Pentecostal message is loved.

"This great man, with world-wide opportunities, loved to visit the churches of his students, frequently in not-so-smart rented halls with small congregations. These visits served as a tonic for those sometimes discouraged young pastors. During such a visit time

would be made for a long walk, when gems of truth and wisdom would be passed on to the young ministers, yet he never talked down or made them feel inferior. There were many 'young Howard Carters' in those days! The fire that burned in this man's heart caused many other hearts to catch fire for God.

"Another warrior has gone to his eternal reward, but the challenge of a life lived for God remains before us. Brother Howard Carter, we thank God upon every remembrance of you for the tremendous inspiration He made you to others."

In the following issue of 'Redemption Tidings' there appeared a tribute to Howard Carter by Clyde Young, an Executive member of Assemblies of God, and we quote the following extract:

"It was my privilege to meet Howard Carter for the first time in the early thirties when I was a very raw student for a short time in Hampstead Bible School. The impressions he made on my heart and life at that time remain with me to this day, and will stay with me as long as I live.

"He was a man of the Spirit. Who among those who were at No. 12 can ever forget how his presence in the days of prayer set them alight and throbbing with the power of the Holy Spirit. As he moved among those present and laid his hands upon us, he imparted enriching, supernatural blessing that flowed over one like rivers of living water from the throne of God.

"It would be impossible to number the people all over the world who received the baptism of the Spirit under his heaven-drenched ministry. Many of these had waited years for the experience, and had been disappointed so many times they had almost given up hope of ever obtaining the blessing.

"Whenever he was present at our General Conferences, he was one of the very few brethren who showed any interest in the outcome of the 'receiving meetings'. His face glowed with rapture and delight when he knew that humble tabernacles of flesh had been transformed into living temples of the Spirit.

“He was a man of unique faith in God. Howard Carter attempted great things for God in the realm of faith and the supernatural. It was because of this that he constantly infused and inspired young men and women who came under his influence and ministry with his own vision to do and dare for God in a variety of ways in the Lord's service. How delighted and thrilled he was when any of his students did well in the work, he spoke about them with glowing satisfaction.

“Can we ever forget the repeated intervention from on High in response to his faithful praying in times of serious financial stress and strain. The thing that made these answers to prayer the more remarkable was that, for the greater part of the time whilst he was the Bible School Overseer, the country itself was in financial straits with national unemployment on every hand. Money was as scarce as swallows in winter, but God never failed him in any crisis.

“It is a question whether any of us four brothers would ever have been ministers of Assemblies of God if it had not been for Howard Carter and his Hampstead School, under the hand of God. He was so full of understanding, kind and believing when few, if any, would have given us a second thought. I remember on one occasion when my brother Harold and I were at Hampstead, we had no money to pay our board. Harold went to the Principal and explained our position, to which he replied in characteristic fashion, ‘Don't you worry about that, there are some students I would gladly keep for nothing.’

“He was a man of revelation. Harold Horton, that prince among Pentecostal writers, in his splendid book ‘The Gifts of the Spirit’, pens this acknowledgment: ‘It is with deep sincerity that I acknowledge to Howard Carter my enormous debt of gratitude. I can say that the beloved ‘Benjamin’ presented in these pages is Mr. Carter's child.’ What a masterpiece on The Gifts of the Spirit. What a revelation from heaven! It's worth can never be weighed in words. It would be priceless even in gold from Ophir. Thank the Lord a thousand times over for such a man of God.”

We now append a personal tribute from the pen of George Holmes, pastor of one of our largest assemblies before he left these shores for life and ministry in the United States:

“No man had a greater influence on my life, in earlier years, than Howard Carter. I first met him thirty-three years ago when he returned from one of his world tours. I was a student at the Hampstead Bible School, where he was principal. I had been sent to the travel terminus to help him with his baggage, and felt honoured to be a junior assistant to this much-travelled servant of God.

“Instead of talking about his trips, he asked me what were my hopes and expectations in future service for the Lord. I didn’t need asking twice, my young and enthusiastic heart was brimming over with the thrill of being called to the full-time work of the Lord. Brother Carter listened dropping, here and there, encouraging remarks and words of sage counsel that entered into the fabric of my life and ministry. This he did, throughout his life, for many other aspiring young men and women, and I believe I speak for thousands throughout the world today who are fruitful ministers of Christ because of the encouragement and inspiration of Howard Carter.

“To entertain him in the home was a delight to our children and a benediction to their parents. His earlier painting skills were turned to artistry with words. He could capture a large audience with his preaching or two small children with his stories and laughter.

“It was in matters pertaining to Bible exposition and the possibilities of Christian and Church life through the Holy Spirit that he excelled. His teachings on the Gifts of the Spirit, developed when interned as a conscientious objector in World War No. 1, brought understanding to the entire Pentecostal fellowship.

“Always a perfect gentleman he fostered deepening friendships by correspondence. It was always a pleasure to receive one of his prompt replies. In a letter received last October Brother Carter wrote, ‘In a few days over two months I shall be eighty years of age. God is good to let me remain here so long.’ Then with typical humour he added, ‘I am getting a little weary of too much rest.’ He then

mentioned his plans for ministry in Europe in 1971, if God willed. But these plans he will not fulfil. Howard Carter has been promoted to glory.”



# **Messages in Miniature by Howard Carter**

## **The Responsibility of Influence**

We copy one another more than we are perhaps aware. There is some salient feature, some strong characteristic or mark of distinction which we see in another, and consciously or unconsciously we receive the impression and reflect the feature. The influence of great men is enormous, for the eyes of multitudes are attracted to them, and in their power lies the moulding and directing of the masses.

What a privilege and a warning this presents to all in positions of authority! Seeing that the influence of the leaders of God's people is felt further perhaps than they are aware, it behoves such to look well to their ways and examine their hearts, lest their influence is towards carnal things rather than spiritual. One of the greatest temptations to those who are called to lead the people of God is pleasure in position—that secret satisfaction which has proved such a deadly wine to the unwary. It has blinded the vision, elated the heart, encouraged carnal propaganda, produced boasting, given place to earthly magnificence and, in short, has caused the messenger of the Lord to be more prominent than his Master, until the object of the people's worship is more directed to the servant of Christ than to the Saviour Himself.

Brethren—I speak to you as pastors—let us seek grace from God to deny that subtle form of self which would enjoy a seat next to a vacant throne more than a lowly place with the full fellowship of the Son of God.

## **Barren and Yet Beloved**

Barren and yet beloved! Rachel felt the keen disappointment, the heart sorrow which all the children of the Lord feel who have faithfully clung to Him and yet have been unfruitful. Labours have been abundant, the sweet consciousness of the Saviour's smile has been enjoyed, the manifested presence has been as real and full as

a human soul could possibly enjoy, and yet in soulsaving, in spiritual birth, barren!

How hard it is to bear the taunts of the fruitful! What secret sorrow robs the soul of its sweetest joy! The manifested love of the God greater than Jacob suffices only for a time, until the soul can no longer bear its bitterness and cries out, "Give me children or I die." What a mistake and yet how excusable! There are different ministries, different gifts, different ways of communion and approach to God. The Lord seems to love some of His children for the guilelessness of their hearts, and would have their sincere devotion than all the abounding blessings of others in the sphere of soul saving. Their love is centred in Christ. Their glory is in their Redeemer. They worship him, and delight his heart. They cling to him and centre their affection unreservedly upon him. They have no children to glory in, no great achievements to cherish, no exploits to recount. They love their Lord, and delight to bring out their precious and treasured ointments to make him more glorious and fragrant in the presence of others.

## **The Tomb of Tutankhamen**

Buried away in the solid rock, lying undiscovered and undisturbed for centuries, heaped together in the smallest possible compass, lay treasures of great and world-wide interest and importance. The sealed entrance, having been lost beneath the sands of Egypt, had baffled explorers for many years; but at last the patient and plodding spirit of certain earnest excavators has disclosed to the world this concealed cavern of priceless treasure.

The monarch, whose vital interest in worldly things had ceased for possibly over 3,000 years, with all the treasures in which he had delighted, and other objects which he found of service in his day and generation, have now been unearthed. Except for the ravages of robbers, the remains lie as originally placed.

How many have walked to and fro past that very entrance and have been unconscious of the treasure lying at their feet! How many

whose interest in archaeology have led them to give their lives to research, have unconsciously passed so near to this priceless hoard!

Now, behold, in the well-worn paths of your daily life there lie treasures incomparably greater than what the researches of Egyptian tombs have revealed, treasures whose antiquity dates back before the time of this Pharaoh, treasures more priceless than those found in the monarch's tomb. Treasures which surround, not the dead body of a man, but the eternal throne of the living God. Treasures of revelation and moral worth, treasures of wisdom and understanding, treasures of life and salvation, treasures that will last when all the things of Amen's tomb have perished. Treasures that have not the musty smell of age and death upon them, but possessing the freshness and fragrance of the living flower, that repeats its species from year to year.

And all this lying at your feet! And not like the royal tomb, sealed and concealed, but with the stone of the entrance rolled away and the chambers of wisdom and life thrown open.

Enter, reader, select the treasure for yourself, and adore the One once entombed in death for your sake, and now alive for evermore, to make intercession for transgressors.

## **The Greatest of These, The Supremacy of Love**

Love! It is not the expression of the lips, but the manifestation of a life lived in the presence of God. Love is Christ likeness, unsullied meekness, unobtrusive helpfulness, kindly consideration of others.

We confuse it oftentimes with the fleeting sentiments of a passing fascination, and imagine that it must have the beautiful and pleasing to call it into activity. No! Love, true love, caresses the ugly and passes its soothing palms over the perplexed and wrinkled forehead. It sings its soft and soul-inspiring strains amidst the discordant notes of dissatisfied humanity. It rebukes with tenderness, corrects with consideration, and binds the running sore of the soul with Christian compassion.

Nor is it troubled as the mighty pass by with not so much as a casual glance at it. It makes way for the ambitious, and conquers any desire to emulate seekers for fame. It is not covetous when the rich or gifted are in the way, but breathes out its gratitude to God for the small mercies it enjoys.

## **Faith**

Faith, on the other hand, is mighty. It loves the difficult path, and can only grow to perfection in the place of human perplexity. It can see the shimmering of standing pools even in the dry and parched wilderness. It observes the heaven darkening for rain, although but a tiny fleecy cloud appear. It finds healing in a touch, meal in an empty barrel, manna in a wilderness, a dry path through the mighty deep, and safety anywhere.

## **Hope**

Hope differs from faith, for it looks beyond the things that now are, into the future, and perceives a rainbow around each object of its gaze. It sees the glory that is yet to be, the throne, the splendour, the honours that never pass, the day that never draws to a close. In the darkest experiences it sings its songs of coming bliss, and forgets the weariness of the earthly way by meditation upon the future. To be accounted worthy to stand before the Lord, to obtain a better resurrection, it gives its earthly goods to feed the poor, and if needs be, it will die at the stake, in the strength which the glory of its telescopic vision inspires.

## **Love Supreme**

But greater than faith and hope is love. It is greater now and will be in eternity. It may not solve the Queen of Sheba's problems; it may not lay the walls of Jericho hard with the ground; it may not quench the violence of fire nor stop the mouths of lions; but it will gladden the weary on his way like the sweet singing of the lark, and bless and cheer the homestead and the hearth.

Love is not mighty like the glaciers from the fields of snow, which chill the traveller as he approaches them; nor is it spectacular like the flashing lightning of the storm, which does much damage betimes. Nay, it is more like the fragrance of the almost unseen violets which grow so slowly yet scatter their scent so abundantly around.

Faith is like the forked foe of the storm which arrests and amazes the onlooker. Hope is like the prairie fire which burns itself out and leaves the ashes to replenish the earth. Love is like the cheering fire of the cottage hearth which warms the house and cheers the company with its dancing flames.